

The Literary Journal,

AND GENERAL MISCELLANY OF SCIENCE, ARTS, HISTORY, POLITICS,
MORALS, MANNERS, FASHION, AND AMUSEMENTS.

No. 38.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1818.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Facts are Stubborn Things!—Being a brief Review of the Season, 1817-18, at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane: also an Inquiry into the Conduct of the Sub and Special Committees; with Explanatory Notes, and an Appendix containing the celebrated Letter from Peter Moore, Esq. M. P., to the late J. G. Raymond; also "his Observations," addressed to the Sub-Committee. The Report of the Sub to the General Committee. The Report of the General Committee to the Proprietors, &c. &c. London. 8vo. 1818.

2. *A Letter to All the Proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, (excepting Peter Moore, Esq., and others who are or have been concerned in the Management thereof): being a Commentary on certain Parts of an anonymous Pamphlet, called, A Brief Review of the Season 1817-18, at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, &c. &c. &c.; and a conclusive Detection of the Author. By Samuel James Arnold, Esq., a Proprietor. Also, a Letter relative to the Subject, from the late Samuel Whitbread, Esq. M. P., &c. &c. London. 8vo. 1818.*

THE Review which we formerly gave of a Pamphlet, entitled a Statement of Facts, connected with the Management of Drury Lane*, will supersede our saying much at present on "Facts are Stubborn Things," which we can assure our readers is nothing more than a re-echo, though a "brief" one, of the sentiments of the former work. The same admiration of the all-enlightened Mr. Peter Moore, the same dereliction from truth and disregard of candour, and, in short, the same abuse of Mr. Lamb, or Lambe, pervade both. The Brief Review, however, contains a few additional severities on the share which Mr. Arnold sustained in the management, which being executed in a more bungling manner than any other part of the pamphlet, has

aroused the ire of the King of the Lyceum, and given him a very favourable opportunity to rebut the charges of his apparently concealed adversary, who, however, in the end, is detected upon tolerably clear evidence to be no other than the patriotic, the theatrical, the literary, Mr. P. Moore himself. For Mr. Arnold we entertain very little respect; he is, to our view, a theatrical quack, a gentleman who would not hesitate, and who, in fact, has not hesitated to attempt to throw an odium on Managers for only being guilty of precisely the same course as he judged it necessary himself to pursue. In this we allude to his strong accusations of the Drury Lane Committee for its oppressive monopoly in depriving him of the aid of an actress of their's (Mrs. Orger), whilst, if we are right, the whole of his efforts had been previously directed to crush the establishment of an humble rival, Mr. Candu, whose theatre, the Pantheon, had to struggle with difficulties, which, in the end, would have overwhelmed it without the interference of Mr. Arnold or his co-adjutor, Mr. Mark Lonsdale†. As to his talents as a Manager, we have no doubt they are very considerable, though all his efforts are aided by excessive puffing, yet we are firmly of opinion that he did all in his power to support the interests of Drury Lane, whilst he continued to hold an official situation in that theatre; and he has every right to feel incensed and sore at the insinuations which are now attempted to be levelled against him, but which are totally dissipated by the handsome and sincere testimony of the late Mr. Whitbread, whose upright conduct, in all his relations, leave no question as to the veracity of his statement.

We believe Mr. Arnold's pieces were more successful than those of any other author who wrote for Drury Lane; but Mr. Arnold's egotism has

† We deprecate exceedingly the pertinacious resistance with which a license is invariably refused by the magistrates for the re-opening of this establishment. We do not think it would eventually succeed, but are sorry it has not yet been allowed a fair trial.

arrived to an unreasonable extent, when he says of the "Unknown Guest," that, after it had undergone the "needful clippings and cuttings and curtailments, it was received with as much applause as any reasonable author could desire;" and, "that it was highly approved through the ten subsequent performances after the first night." We well recollect witnessing this accumulation of nonsense on the third or fourth night, and we remember also joining in the disapprobation which proceeded from as thin an audience "as any reasonable critic could desire." The obstinacy with which it was pressed on the public, was certainly a losing experiment to the house. We have only further to observe of Mr. Arnold's publication, that the style in general is singularly inflated and bombastic. Having said thus much, we may be allowed, though rather irrelevant to the business in hand, to observe, that we were pleased to observe, at a meeting of the proprietors, that almost all our former assertions, in the review of a Statement of Facts, were supported by the testimony of Mr. Lamb, in the address which he made in justification of his part of the management; and we believe that no one needs to be convinced of the utter incompetency of the present committee and co-trusties. We really never remember, at a regular establishment, (if by the way Drury Lane now merit that appellation,) having seen some of our best comedies cast in so miserable and contemptible a manner. The lowering of the prices was humiliating to the last degree, and we are of the same opinion with Mr. Arnold, that the first projection of this contemptible experiment was to injure the other theatre, for, as the affairs of Drury Lane were already so deplorable, they could bear the addition of one more desperate attempt. "If so," however, (we quote the words of Mr. Arnold,) "how bitter must have been the disappointment! how just! how merited! Covent Garden is now established as the first theatre, and poor old Drury is degraded to a competition with the minor theatres." W. B.

* See Literary Journal, No. 27.—Ed.
Vol. I.

The Recluse of the Pyrenees; a Poem.
8vo. pp. 64. London. 1818.

THE names which stand foremost in the list of living poets are those of Byron and Scott; there is a charm which runs through their poetry, that none of their contemporaries possess. They have had a great number of imitators, but none of them have succeeded. The majestic grandeur of Byron, and the smoothness and simplicity of Scott, will always leave, at a hopeless distance, the host of imitators.

The poem before us is written in the manner of Lord Byron, and, indeed, passages may be pointed out, in almost every page, which appear to have been taken from the *Corsair*, the *Giaour*, *Lara*, the *Siege of Corinth*, &c.

Mansel, the hero of the piece, is left wounded and dying in the field of battle:—

"Helpless he lies upon his bloody lair,
No comrade's watchful eye to guard him there,
Their hearts are cold, their gallant spirits flown:
And if, indeed, he breathe—he breathes alone."—

The description of the field after the action, is, perhaps, the best part of the poem:—

"Around they lie, in every horrid form,
That havoc scatters in its wildest storm—
There, blasted by the shells exploded force,
Black—shrunk—and withered, lies a ghastly corse!

Another, torn by the wide booming ball,
Embowell'd, doth the shrinking soul appal,
And there a group, deep gash'd and gory red,

Still grasp the clotted blades by which they bled;

Their foreheads still a stern defiance lower,
Stamp'd with the fury of their dying hour—
And straining arms around their foemen tell

The mortal strife in which they struggling fell;

Nor could the icy hand of death unfold
The iron grasp of that fell throttling hold.
And one there is, stretched out like marble pale,

Whose bloodless lips declare a mournful tale,
And silent seem to tell, as flames decay,
Did life's last trembling pulses faintly play,
And drop, by drop, like shadows, steal away."

Every reader of the *Siege of Corinth* will recognize, in the following lines, describing the wolves feeding upon the dead, a very close imitation of Lord Byron:—

"At length a swining troop of wolves are seen,
Their eyes of fiery gleam,
Shaggy and gaunt, with as they feast they break,
Rioting, on their luscious, hot thirst slake;
And in the purple gore the angled corse they
With foaming jaws the man-soft flesh
rip,
And, from the white firm bone, the
drip;

There, o'er a youthful form, that mocks at life,
Gorging and growling, urge the wrangling strife;
Those manly limbs, where shone a matchless grace,
Disjointed, torn—are left without a trace."

Mansel is rescued from his dangerous situation, by the appearance of Count Alba, "The Recluse of the Pyrenees," by whose assistance he is conveyed to his (the Count's) castle.—Here

"As Mansel past, he caught a hasty sight
Of what he hardly knew by that faint light,
A form, it seem'd, where every female grace
That blooming beauty owns—that love can trace,
Rose like a beaming vision of the night!
And vanished, like a vision, from the sight;
As falling stars, that dazzle and depart,
Before a bounding pulse can leave the heart."

This lady proves to be the Count's daughter, and, of course, Mansel instantly falls in love with her. One night, he wanders from his couch, through the galleries of the castle, and meets with the object of his wishes, kneeling before an altar:—

"It was the form he loved—but oh! how altered,
Beautiful! in transparent light she shone,
Tho' more than deadly pale—yet fair to look upon.

Tumultuous passions maddened in his mind,
And reason to the dream her charge resign'd;
In rapture wild, he had that form embraced,
But felt a grasping hand restrain his haste;
In solemn tone, a voice exclaim'd 'Forbear;
Starting, he turn'd, and found Count Alba there."

The Count now relates his story.—On the day fixed for his marriage, he was obliged to fly his country; and, on returning,

"No matter by what chance—or how—or why,"

finds that his intended wife had taken the veil:—

"Laurina there the solemn vow had given,
That she would only breathe and live for Heaven—

For me that vow she broke—with me she fled—

And from that fatal day our joys were dead.
The hunters round the toils so sure had set,
That though her feet escap'd the circling net,
The poison'd arrow in her heart she bore,
Which fester'd there until it bear no more."

"One beauteous infant bud she left below,
One drop of comfort in my cup of woe;
Here shall she bloom in solitary shade,
Far from the storm by burning passion made,
Who, smiling, lures us on to fancied joys,
Then, with a tiger's bound, at once destroys."

And thus ends the poem.—We are left in doubt as to the destiny of the hero of the piece; but, in a note, the author says—"Should any farther curiosity exist, as to the ultimate fate of these personages, the reader may, per-

haps, have some future opportunity of satisfying it."

This manner of ending "this strange eventful history" is an imitation of the "Corsair;" and we are also taught to expect a second "Lara" in the sequel to this poem. It is stated, the author is preparing for the press a poem to be called the "Iron Chest." We shall be able to see, when that work is published, whether it bears any analogy to the "Recluse of the Pyrenees."

The rhyme is sometimes deficient; for instance—scorn'd and asham'd—flame and plain—mien and beam—noon and bloom—&c. &c.—We are at a loss to guess the meaning of "fainting tigers," &c. "wreathing in the dust."—Qu. Whether ought it not to be *writhing*.—Upon the whole, however, the author promises something better in future, and there are, undoubtedly, many highly poetical passages interspersed through it.—It is dedicated to the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg.
S. G. C.—D.

The Spring Bud; or, Rural Scenery in Verse, with Descriptive Notes, for the Instruction and Amusement of Young Persons. By Elizabeth Appleton, author of *Private Education*. 12mo. pp. 31. London. 1818.

AMONG the various little works that are prepared for the entertainment of our young friends at Christmas, we are pleased with observing a poem by Miss Appleton, who has already evinced her anxiety and ability to benefit the rising generation*. The small volume before us, is called the *Spring Bud*, and fancifully introduces the juvenile reader to the observation of plants and flowers, by an imaginary ramble amongst the sweets of spring, to which they are invited with much vivacity: the playful style will not fail to awaken the alacrity of childhood in the pursuit of improvement:—

"First, I'll show the Snowdrop's bed,
Where she veil'd her virgin head,
Pensive liv'd a space and fled.
Then the Crocus, jolly swain;
'Squire to all the Snowdrop train;
Sturdy dwarf of humour mellow
Green his sword—his coif of yellow,
Next, the pallid Jonquil's seat,
With drooping head, and taper feet;
Laurels, that no changes know;
Shrinking fading Mistletoe,
Palsied in the touch of Spring,
Hiding under Winter's wing.
Periwinkle, crawling round,
With hood in a blue kerchief bound;
Hosts of worthies court her side,
Scattering perfume far and wide
Meet for vernal groom and bride

* See "Private Education."

See! where midst her friends and foes,
Lov'd of Erin, Shamrock grows!
Rise, fair plant, in verdant pride,
Rise to Fame and Love allied;
Give to Envy's tongue no heed,
Thou shalt be, when she is dead!"

There is a striking superiority in the paper, printing, &c. of this little volume, to most things of the same description; and the front is embellished by a very fanciful vignette, which is from the pencil of the author.

THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal,

SIR,—I very much admire the liberal remarks of EQUALITAS, (Literary Journal, No. 36, p. 560,) upon the subject of dramatic criticism, in your Journal of this day, and greatly approve of your impartial conduct in opening the columns of your respectable paper to the observations of original correspondents, thereby adhering to the wholesome maxim, "Audi alteram partem."

Equalitas observes, that some of the diurnal critics, who loaded Mr. Kean, last season, with their fulsome and injudicious eulogies, now abuse him openly, or "damn him with faint praise," and that "one of them wisely observes, that his performance of the same part is always the same."—Now, Sir, if this observation were strictly true, I should very much approve it, particularly as I have ever remarked "his conception is clear, and his execution good;"—admitting, as I do, that it is so, and I will take his Shylock as an example, I should be sorry to see any deviation from the colouring of that finely-drawn portrait.

I consider Mr. Kean an artist of first rate talent, and so excellent a judge of light and shade, that his portraits are truly historical: he never looks out of the picture, and, like a fine painter, he gives the finishing touch before it meets the public eye; his discrimination appears to me so chaste, and his markings so true in every character he represents, that his first performances (and I have been a witness to every one) have always impressed me with an opinion that his outlines and the execution of the interior were correct, although, in some instances, I admit that he has occasionally, in repetition, given them a varnish which has brought the pictures more prominently forward.

In thus venturing to give my humble opinion of Mr. Kean's merits, I am proud in being borne out by that of Equalitas, and in the glowing feelings of Rolla, say—"We want no change, and least of all, such change as these" (diurnal critics) "would give us."

The non-insertion of advertisements in the impartial columns of these diurnalists is accounted for by the conjectures of Equalitas—"That they do not receive the same number of free admissions," which, therefore, is very likely to have roused "their dread resentments." Piti-

ful and malicious! can they imagine their observations will be appreciated, or bear the stamps of worth, when they barter their opinions for the value of an admission-ticket!—Miserable scribes, they are as odious to me as the commentators upon our favourite bard; they obscure what is intelligible, and make manifest their own absurdities. The parody upon the epitaph of our divine poet may be well applied to them:—

"Blest be those who rightly con me
And damn'd be they who comment on me."

I am, Sir, your's,
AN OLD STAGER.

28th November, 1818.

THE CALCULATING YOUTH*.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

SIR,—Permit me to observe, in reply to your Correspondent, J. H. T., that there are several inaccuracies in the Answer stated to have been given by the Calculating Youth to the Question proposed at page 538. It will be easily found, by the rule of *Arithmetical Progression*, that the mean difference between the distances to be performed by the men is 4000 yards; and another very simple calculation will show, that the mean difference in the respective sums to be paid to them is $11.11\frac{1}{2}\frac{425}{1000}$. These particulars ascertained, the answer to the whole question is easy, and will appear correctly as follows, viz.:—

Yards.	Miles.	Furl.	Yds.	Share.	Fract.
A. 102,200	103	4	40	£27.6	.01...590
B. 186,200	105	6	80	27.18	.01...14
C. 190,200	108	0	120	28.10	.01...439
D. 194,200	110	2	160	29.2	.0...864
E. 198,200	112	4	200	29.14	.0...288
F. 202,200	114	7	240	30.5	.11...713
G. 206,200	117	1	280	30.17	.11...137
H. 210,200	119	3	320	31.9	.11...562
I. 214,200	121	5	360	32.1	.11...987
K. 218,200	123	7	400	32.13	.11...411
2,002,000 1137½				£300 0 0	

The sum of the fractions, (the common denominator being 1001,) is one penny farthing. I was at a loss to know what J. H. T. meant by "including the fractions as 3s. 4d.," till I found that this was an evident error of the press, 3s. 4d. being inserted instead of ¼d. The third part of the question is not answered at all by G. Bidder; and, in fact, might as well have been wholly omitted, for the mere subtraction of 4 times 180 from $1137\frac{1}{2}$, is too trifling to merit a place in the calculation. Perhaps it may be proper to add, that I worked the sum in question, when a school-boy, upwards of twenty years ago; and I merely observe this, because many persons will be apt to conclude, from the manner in which the question is stated in your Journal, (and particularly from the ingenious substitution of *Ripley Common*, for *Barham Downs*,) that it was invented as well as proposed by Mr. Straxton, schoolmaster, of Ripley.

I remain, sir,
Your obedient servant.
Islington,
24th Nov. 1818. KALEB.

* See Literary Journal, No. 35.

BAFFIN'S SECOND VOYAGE.

(Concluded from our last, p. 583.)

THE fourth day, at one a clocke in the morning, the storme began againe at west and by south, so vehement that it blew away our forecourse, and being not able to beare any sayle, wee lay a-drift till about eight a clocke, then it cleared up a little, and we saw ourselves inbayed in a great sound: then we set sayle and stood over to the south east side, where in a little cove, or bay, we let fall an anchor, which we lost with cable and all, the winde blowing so extreemly from the tops of the hills, that we could get no place to anchor in, but were forced to stand to and fro in the sound, the bottom being all frozen over; toward two a clocke it began to be lesse winde, then we stood forth.

In this sound we saw great number of whales, therefore we called it Whale Sound, and doubtlesse if we had beene provided for killing of them, we might have strooke very many. It lyeth in the latitude of 77 degrees, 30 minutes. All the fift day it was very faire weather, and wee kept along by the land till eight a clocke in the evening, by which time we were come to a great banke of ice, it being banked with land, which we seeing, determined to stand backe some eight leagues, to an iland we called Hackluit's Ile, it lyeth betweene two great sounds, the one Whale Sound, and the other Sir Thomas Smith's Sound; this last runneth to the north of seventy-eight degrees, and is admirable in one respect, because in it is the greatest variation of the compasse of any part of the world known; for by divers good observations, I found it to be above five points, or fifty-six degrees, varied to the westward*; so that a north-east-and-by-east, is true north, and so of the rest. Also this sound seemeth to bee good for the killing of whales, it being the greatest and largest in all this bay. The cause wherefore we minded to stand to this iland, was to see if we could find any finnes or such like on the shore; and so, indeed, this night wee came to anchor, but with such foule weather, that our boat could not land. The next day wee were forced to set sayle, the sea was growne so high, and the winde came more outward. Two dayes wee spent and could get no good place to anchor in: then, on the eight day, it cleered up, and wee seeing a company of ilands lye off from the shoare twelve or thirteen leagues, wee minded to goe to them, to see if there we could anchor. When wee were something neere, the winde took us short; and, being loth to spend more time, we took opportunitie of the wind,

* Variation of the compasse, 56 degrees to the west; which may make questionable D. Gilbert's rule, tom. 1. l. 2. that where more earth is, more attraction of the compasse happeneth, by variation toward it. Now the known continents of Asia, &c. must be unspeakably more than here there can be, and yet here is more variation then about Japan, or Brasil, Peru, &c.

and left the searching of these ilands, which wee called Careye's Ilands, all which sounds and ilands the map doth truly describe*.

So we stood to the westward in an open sea, with a stiffe gale of wind, all the next day, and till the tenth day at one or two a clocke in the morning, at which time fell calme and very foggie, and wee ne er the land in the entrance of a faire sound, which we called Alderman Jones Sound. This afternoone being faire and cleere, we sent our boats to the shore, the ship being under sayle, and as soon as they were on shoare, the wind began to blow; then they returned againe, declaring that they saw many sea-horses by the shoare among the ice, and, as farre as they were, they saw no signe of people, nor any good place to anchor in along the shoare. Then having an easy gale of wind at east north-east, we ranne along by the shoare, which now trendeth much south, and beginneth to shew like a bay.

On the twelfth day we were open of another great sound, lying in the latitude of 74 degrees, 20 minutes; and we called it Sir James Lankester's sound; here our hope of passage began to be lesse every day then other, for from this sound to the southward, wee had a ledge of ice betweene the shoare and us, bu cleare to the seaward; we kept close by this ledge of ice, till the fourteenth day in the afternoone, by which time wee were in the latitude of 71 degrees, 16 minutes, and plainly perceived the land to be southward of 70 degrees, 30 minutes; then wee, having so much ice round about us, were forced to stand more eastward, supposing to have beene soone cleare, and to have kept on the off side of the ice untill we had come into 70 degrees, then to have stood in againe. But this proved quite contrary to our expectation; for wee were forced to runne above three score leagues through very much ice, and many times so fast, that wee could goe no ways, although we kept our course due east; and when wee had gotten into the open sea, wee kept so neere the ice, that many times wee had much adoe to get cleare, yet could not come neere the land, till we came about 68 degrees, where indeed we saw the shoare, but could not come to it by eight or nine leagues, for the great abundance of ice. This was on the foure-and-twentieth day of July: then spent we three dayes more to see if conveniently wee could come to anchor, to make trial of the tides, but the ice led us into the latitude of 65 degrees, 40 minutes. Then wee left off seeking to the west shoare, because wee were in the indraft of Cumberland's Isles, and should know no certaintie, and hope of passage could be none.

Now seeing that we had made an end of our discovery, and the yeare being too farre spent to goe for the bottome of the bay, to search for drest finnes; therefore

* This map of the authour, for this and the former voyage, with the tables of his journall and sayling, were somewhat troublesome, and too costly, to insert,

wee determined to goe for the coast of Greenland, to see if we could get some refreshing for our men: Master Hubert, and two more, having kept their cabins above eight dayes, (besides our cooke, Richard Wayman, which died the day before, being the twenty-six of July,) and divers more of our company so weake, that they could do but little labour. So the wind favouring us, we came to anchor in the latitude of 65 degrees 45 minutes, at six a clocke in the evening, the eight and twentieth day, in a place called Caukin Sound.

The next day, going on shoare, on a little iland, we found great abundance of the herbe called scurvie-grasse, which we boiled in beere, and so drank thereof, using it also in sallets, with sorrell and orpen, which here groweth in abundance; by meanes hereof, and the blessing of God, all our men, within eight or nine dayes space, were in perfect health, and so continued till our arrivall in England.

Wee rode in this place three dayes before any of the people came to us; then, on the first of August, six of the inhabitants in their canoes, brought us salmon-peale, and suchlike, which was a great refreshment to our men; the next day following, the same six came againe, but after that we saw them no more untill the sixth day, when we had wayed anchor, and were almost cleere of the harbour; then the same six and one more, brought us of the like commodities, for which we gave them glasse beads, counters, and small peeces of iron, which they doe as much esteeme, as we Christians do gold and silver.

In this sound we saw such great scoles of salmon swimming to and fro, that it is much to be admired; here it floweth about eightene foote water, and is at the highest on the change-day at seven a clocke: it is a very good harbour, and easie to be knowne, having three high round hils, like piramides, close adjoyning to the mouth of it, and that in the midst is lowest, and along all this coast are many good harbours to be found, by reason that so many ilands lye off from the maine.

The sixt of August, by three a clocke in the afternoone, wee were cleere of this place, having a north-north-west winde, and faire weather, and the Lord sent us a speedy and good passage homeward as could be wished; for in nineteene dayes after, wee saw land on the coast of Ireland, it being on the five and twentieth day: the seven and twentieth at noone we were two leagues from Silly, and the thirtieth day, in the morning, wee anchored at Dover, in the roade, for the which and all other his blessings the Lord make us thankfull*.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The Gallery in Pall Mall, which was gratuitously opened for visitors on Mon-

* Purchas his Pilgrimes, vol. iii, p. 844. Lond. 1625.

day, presented some excel lent specimens of the improvement of the respective students. Some fine works of Rubens, Vandyke, Paul, Potter, Poussin, Cuyp, Vanderneer, Hobbima, and other great masters, which were permitted to remain in the Gallery, have been copied by many of the students, with admirable skill; and it was very gratifying to see that several female artists have highly distinguished themselves on this occasion. A copy of a picture, by Le Nain, is very creditable to the talents of Miss Cropley. There are several other good copies of the same picture. One of them is painted by Master Wright, a very young artist, who shows very promising powers. Mrs. Groves also deserves notice for her miniature copies. There are also partial copies of Raphael's Cartoons; and Mr. Behnes has not been the least successful.

INFORMATION FOR EMIGRANTS TO THE UNITED STATES.

(From Fearon's Sketches.)

CHOICE OF A VESSEL.—A ship is preferable to a brig, as the sea motion in the former will be less felt, and the accommodations are generally superior. The English ships in the American trade are not equal to those in other trades; whilst, on the contrary, the best American vessels are in the British trade; so that it is well to select an American ship, the safe age of which will be according to the quality of the timber and the building, and these can only be known by persons very conversant in those subjects. There are certain ships of established reputation, a few of which go to the port of London, and a greater number to Liverpool; among the former are the Electra, Captain Robinson, and the Tontine, Captain Turly, for Philadelphia; the Criterion, Captain Avery, and the Minerva Smyth (a very superior ship), Captain Allen, for New York; there is also the Venus, of New York, the character of which is, I believe, respectable; but I cannot speak of her from personal knowledge. From the port of Liverpool there are a great number of first-rate ships for Philadelphia, Boston, and New York; among the latter is what are called the "Packet Line," which consists of the Pacific, (an old but good vessel,) Captain Williams; the Amity, Captain Stanton; the Courier, Captain Bowne; and the James Munroe, Captain Watkinson. (Captain Watkinson is a careful and excellent seaman.) One of these vessels sails, *punctually*, on the first of every month, from Liverpool. The charge for passage is, in the cabin, forty-five guineas, which includes wine, and, indeed, almost every luxury—in the steerage 9l. exclusive of every thing but water. The house of Crapper, Benson, and Co. at Liverpool, are the agents for these ships, which are first-rate in every respect, and all their commanders are men of great experience. There are also,

It was, indeed, the night so happily described by the poet; and we journeyed onwards, wrapped in admiration at the beauties which the road at every curve displayed to our view. Two or three miles from the cottage, we came in sight of the Bala Lake*, extending, on our right, four miles in length, and nearly one in breadth; its surface, calm and unruffled, reflecting, as from a mirror, the huge rocks, dark heathy mountains, and wooded banks by which it is encircled. To our left, all was wrapped in darkness by the deep woods, which root themselves down from the hills, quite to the road, and the mountains swelling gradually from the lake, bounded the prospect all around, whilst their bases, which were in the shadow, were finely contrasted by the mantle of light that covered their exalted summits. "There!" exclaimed E—, (who, by the way, is an enthusiastic admirer of his native scenery,) pointing to the lake, "have you ever seen so beautiful a landscape as this before? Look at the noble mountains that surround us; and, if you will extend your sight still further, you may catch a glimpse of Cader Idris,

"Frowning, in gloomy grandeur, o'er the scene."

I was some time before I could discern Cader Idris; but I did at length espy it, stretching, like a dusky line, along the horizon. I shall never forget the prospect that presented itself as we stood on the margin of the lake; the grandeur and beauty of the surrounding scenery; the different forms of the shore; the lake, in some parts, being edged with steep rocks, in others, with woods rising smoothly from the water; the cottages scattered along its banks; and the woods, waving in the moonlight, completed a

* Pennant gives the following account of this lake:—*Bala Lake, Pimble Mere, or Llyn-tegid*, lies at a small distance from the town, (Bala,) and is a fine expanse of water, near four miles long, and twelve hundred yards broad in the widest place; the deepest part is opposite *Bryn Gollen*, where it is forty-six yards deep, with three yards of mud; the shore is gravelly; the boundaries are easy slopes, well cultivated, and varied with woods. In stormy weather, its billows run very high, and inroad greatly on the north-east end, where, within memory of man, several acres have been lost. It rises sometimes nine feet; and rains and winds jointly contribute to make it overflow the fair vale of *Ediernion*. Its fish are pike, perch, trout, a few roach, and abundance of eels; and shoals of that *Alpine fish*, the *gwyniad*, which spawn in December, and are taken in great numbers in spring or summer. Pike have been caught here of twenty-five pounds weight, a trout of twenty-two, a perch of ten, and a *gwyniad* of five. *Sir Watkin Williams Wynne* claims the whole fishery of this noble lake. It had been the property of the *Abby of Basingwerk*; for *Owen de Brogyntyn* made a grant to GOD, *St. Mary*, and the monks of that house, of "a certain water in *Penthllyn*, called *Thlntegit*, or *Pembelmere*, and all the pasture of the said land of *Penthllyn*." This was witnessed by *Reiner*, (who was Bishop of *St. Asaph* from 1168 to 1224,) and by *Ithail*, *Owen's* chaplain.

scene I have never seen excelled, and which I quitted with no little reluctance; our horses, however, perhaps not quite so much enraptured with the beauties around us as their riders, evinced a great inclination to proceed; and, regaining the road, we soon reached Bala, through which we passed, and about a mile beyond it, arrived at —, where I was welcomed with all the cordiality of friendship by Mrs. E— and her fair daughters. Yesterday, I accompanied E— to Bala*, which is a neat town of the same size as Dolgelly, situated at the bottom of the lake above-mentioned. It carries on a considerable trade in wool and yarn stockings, and is the residence of several genteel families, but it has not attained such importance as Dolgelly, which is generally accounted the capital of Merionethshire. With regard to its history, we are informed, that it was dependent on Harlech Castle; and that Einian de Standon, constable of that castle, was appointed Governor of Bala in the reign of Edward II, and that, a few years afterwards, Edward III rewarded General Walter de Manny with the fee-farm of Bala and Harlech, and created him sheriff of Merionethshire for life.

At the south-east end of the town, there is a large artificial mount, called *Tommen-y-Bala*, which is supposed to have been the keep of a fortress; and placed here, with a castalet on its summit, by the Romans, as a check upon the mountaineers, and for the purpose of securing the pass towards the sea. Opposite to this mount, on the west side, stood another, not so high as *Tommen-y-Bala*, but of greater extent. There is now a road formed through its centre, but vestiges of it still remain. Pennant supposes the castalet, erected on this mount, to have been the Castle of Bala, founded by *Llewelyn ap Iorwerth*, in 1202. "Possibly," he continues, "there might have been, prior to this, a more ancient castalet; for, in a certain manuscript, it was called *Castell Gronw Befr o Beulllyn*, which *Gronw*, according to the *Triades*, was supposed to live about the time of King *Arthur*." There are several of these mounts or *Tommens* near Bala, but the two I have mentioned are the most conspicuous. Adieu!

Your's, &c.

THE FUNERAL OF HER LATE MAJESTY *Sophia Charlotte*, QUEEN OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND &c. &c.

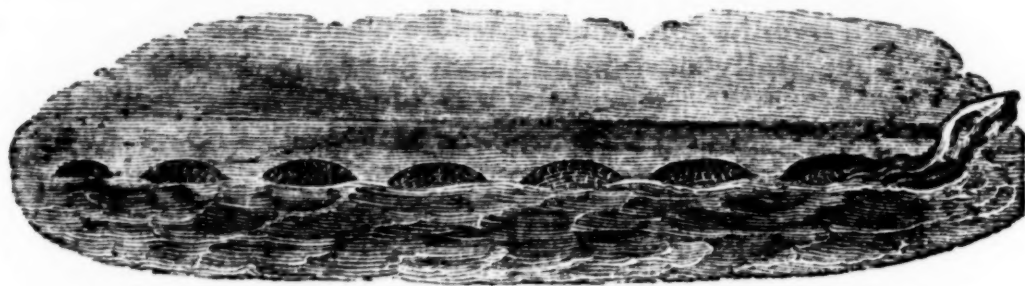
THE rank of a Queen of England demanding that the ordinary forms of state should not be entirely dispensed with,

* Bala takes its name from its vicinity to a place where a river discharges itself into a lake. *Balloch*, in the Erse language, signifies the same.—*Pennant*.

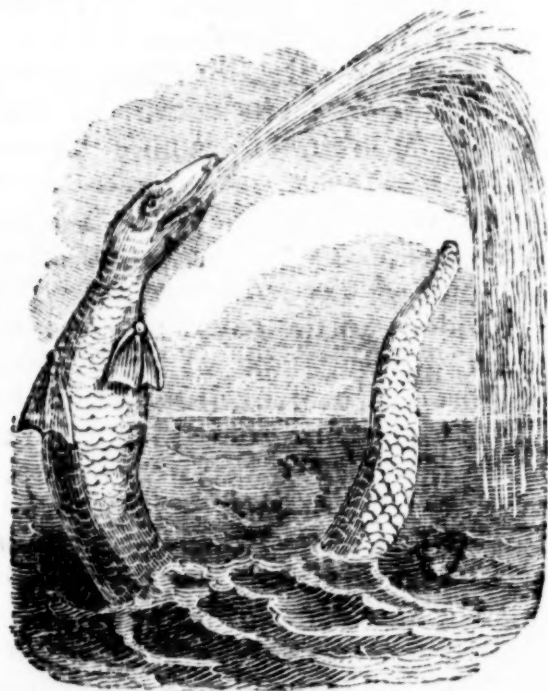
the day previous to the funeral was appointed for admitting spectators to the solemn ceremony of lying in state, and all who were favoured with tickets were desired to be at Kew Palace between ten and four o'clock. The house where the Queen resided in her last illness was but ill-calculated for ceremonials of state: magnificent decorations would merely have mocked the humble walls to which they were attached, and a numerous suite of full-dressed attendants would have occupied the whole space, to the exclusion of the only object for which they could have been collected—the admission of persons to see them. Mr. Mash, however, with great judgment, turned his whole attention to produce a solemn effect, knowing, probably, that a grand one was impossible. With this view, he caused about a third part of the largest room on the ground floor to be separated from the rest, by deep black hangings of fine cloth; and, all external light being excluded, several wax-lights were suspended round the apartment, sufficient to show the objects present, without dispersing the gloom. A portion of the space thus separated from the rest was again railed off, and within this railway was exhibited to the spectators, as they slowly passed before it, the coffin, containing all that is mortal of her late Majesty, the Queen of England, surrounded with such ornaments of funeral pomp as at once show the splendour and frailty of earthly grandeur. The coffin, of which enough was exhibited to evince the costly materials of which it was composed, was placed on trestles about four feet from the ground: it was partially covered with a black pall of exceeding richness; and at the head stood the royal crown: over the coffin was the coat of arms, richly embroidered on a silver ground: on each side, but at a small distance from the coffin, were three immense wax-tapers, in silver candelabras, such as our readers may see on the altars of Catholic chapels. At the top of the coffin, one on each side, stood two gentlemen, dressed in deep mourning; and at the foot were placed four mutes, two on each side, all in black, but dressed after the fashion of the yeomen of the household, with dark velvet caps and black-handled halberds. The spectators were received at the entrance, (hung with black) by several gentlemen, in mourning habiliments: they next proceeded through a small passage, very partially illuminated, and also hung with black, to the room of funeral state: they then passed slowly, and, at their leisure, before the mortal remains of their late Queen; and, after traversing another apartment, hung deeply with black and occupied by several attendants in mourning, emerged from the melancholy gloom again into the open day-light. The iron gates, which guard the entrance into the garden of the house, were shut, and none were allowed to pass without tickets; and several well-dressed persons were thus excluded, who had not been fortunate enough to obtain the means of admission.

THE SEA SERPENT.

THE subjoined engravings of Sea Serpents are copied from those in Pontoppidan's celebrated History of Norway; and the bare inspection of them will pretty well satisfy the most credulous, that they have been the originals of many of the tales which we have had from the United States. Certain seamen and fishers having seen something unusual at sea, and called it a Serpent, have come on shore with their



and in the figure which follows, we have the spouting monster, with its uplifted tail, which was seen by Captain Shubael West, (see one of our previous pages,) in the act of threshing a whale!



A scientific and critical inquiry into the true history of Water Serpents, (including those of the sea,) and into the probability of the American stories, will shortly appear in the Colonial Journal, published quarterly.

ARCTIC REGIONS.

Red Snow.—We inserted, two weeks since, a statement, purporting that Captain Ross had brought from Baffin's Bay a rather unaccountable production—namely, *red snow*. It surprized us, that we should be the first to communicate to the public the arrival of this rarity, seeing how much the public attention was alive to the results of the Arctic Expeditions, and how many daily and weekly prints

accounts, and the *learned* have immediately turned to Pontoppidan, and then promulgated his narrations. This done, new observers have actually persuaded themselves that they saw the very things which Pontoppidan describes and figures. In the subjoined representation, we recognize the rows of casks or of buoys, to which the body of the Serpent, as seen in the water, has lately been compared; as also the *undulated spine*, the pretended figure of which has already been copied into the Literary Journal;

were constantly publishing all the particulars which could be collected. In the end, however, we have seen new reason to be convinced of a truth long and constantly present to our minds—that numerous as are the existing vehicles for public information, it is no very difficult thing, with the help of a little industry, and a little originality of thinking, to add much to the actual stock; whether of facts or of observations.

Our statement concerning the *red snow*, which, in the shape in which it reached us, and in which we presented it to our readers, greatly startled (as will be remembered) our credulity, remained for some time wholly unattended to by the rest of the London presses. It was copied, however, by the country papers, and then made its appearance in town, as an extract from a *Bath paper*. The excess of courtesy which forbids the newspapers, and other publications, ever to make mention of the LITERARY JOURNAL as the source from which they derive their assistance, is a circumstance which we have had occasion to observe from the very commencement of our career.

When, at length, the *red snow* made its appearance in the London papers, the next thing was a set of explanations; that is, a series of blunders. Of these, the first in order appeared in an Evening Paper, and in the terms which follow:—

“The *red snow*, which has been mentioned in the *public prints* as having been observed by Captain Ross in the Arctic regions, turns out to be neither more nor less than the excrement of a well-known bird, called the Arctic puffin.”

We confess that this paragraph made us feel somewhat uncomfortably for Captain Ross, and for the philosophers of London; for had it been possible for all these gentlemen to mistake a heap of dung for a snow-ball, we felt that it would be impossible for any Cockney or other John Bull, to laugh, hereafter, at Jonathan

and his *Sea Serpents*, or Captain Symmes and his world under ground. A second Evening Paper felt this difficulty, and expressed its doubts concerning the story of the dung; and the following luminous paragraph then made its appearance:—

“Some doubt has been expressed as to the red snow observed by Sir John Ross and his associates, in the newly discovered Arctic region; but when it is known, that the iron which was also found there, lying on the surface, in heaps, and in considerable quantities, was all meteoric, the doubt will cease, and the fact will admit of an easy solution. Sir John Ross brought home small specimens of this iron, which has been subjected, by Mr. Professor Brande, to the usual tests, and it is found to be precisely of the kind of the meteoric stones that occasionally fall in more southern latitudes. It is impregnated with nickel, which is never found in earth-iron. That, therefore, which loads the atmosphere with the fluid which composes this meteoric iron, serves to colour the snow; iron being found to be the colourist of all metallic, as well as vegetable matter.”

Here, our wonder, as well as our anxiety, increased. We were distressed for Mr. Brande, as well as for Captain Ross; nor were we quite relieved by the second attempt of the Evening Paper before alluded to; and which was conceived as follows:—

“A respectable Evening Paper is not well informed in doubting our account of the red snow, seen by Captain (not Sir) John Ross, being occasioned by the excrements of the myriads of birds, which had their breeding places on the spot. Instead of iron being found there, ‘lying on the surface in heaps, and in considerable quantities,’ no iron was found, either there or elsewhere; iron was heard of at some distance in the mountains, but not ‘in heaps,’ the whole being confined, by the report of the Eskimaux, to two single pieces. It is true, these pieces turn out to be meteoric, and to contain nickel; but Professor Brande, who determined this, determined also, that the colouring matter of the snow contained a large portion of the uric acid, and concluded (for he was ignorant of the fact of the multitudes of birds), that it could only have been given by the excrement of birds, as we before stated, on the authority of an eye-witness.”

The simple fact is, that Captain Ross brought with him a small quantity of dissolved snow, or rather impure snow water, bottled, and resembling, in colour and consistence, the lees of port wine. Of the snow, he had seen large quantities, as related by us before. The contents of the bottles, on being analysed by Mr. Brande, turned out to be coloured by Uric Acid.* Uric Acid abounds in the dung of birds, and it is not necessary to go to the Arctic Regions, in order to observe its power to give a red colour to

* See an account of Uric Acid in our present Number.

quite equal to these, the Nestor, Captain Stirling; the Atlantic, Captain Matlock; and the Anne Maria, Captain Waite (of the latter vessel and captain, Mr. Flower, who recently went in her with a large party to the United States, speaks in the very highest terms): to these I would add, as respectable ships, the Ann, the Carolina Ann, and the Importer. There are several others of this class with whose names I am not familiar; but it would be judicious in every person to make minute inquiries as to the character of the ship and captain with which they propose engaging; for it should be known that there are some very indifferent American ships, which go to both Liverpool and London, and particularly the latter port. A regular trader is generally to be preferred to a chance ship. The prices (with the exception of the packet ships) will vary according to circumstances; for the cabin, from thirty to forty-five, and for the steerage, from seven to ten guineas. It should be remarked that even this is a subject of barter. A few ships sail from Bristol and Greenock for New York—the Fanny, from the latter port, is rather celebrated. A passage from Havre, in France, to America, is often to be obtained much cheaper than from this country. Should a large party engage the same vessel, they would act prudently to procure an extra boat, for in case of accident or shipwreck, the two ship-boats would not be found sufficient; and, upon such melancholy occurrences, the crew commonly escape, and the passengers are lost.

Cabin Passengers, though supplied by the captain, would find a small private stock desirable. A plum cake, soda powders, a few good apples and oranges (the latter will keep if not previously bruised, and if each orange is carefully rolled in paper), preserves of several kinds, and cider, which will be found particularly pleasant at sea.

Steerage Passengers should provide for seventy, though they may not be out more than fifty days. They are compelled, by law, to take eighty pounds of meat. I should recommend a variety; say thirty pounds of beef, twenty of ham, twenty of tongue, ten of bacon: herrings are pleasant, and salt cod particularly so, when eaten with egg-sauce: fifty pounds of bread, of the best biscuit, and loaves cut in slices and toasted: rusks will be found very pleasant in tea: thirty to forty pounds of flour; a few pounds of oatmeal; ditto of rice; ditto of groats; ditto of arrow root; ten of cheese; one hundred pounds of potatoes: have a small net bag to boil them in: this will prevent confusion with the cook, and also their being exchanged for others of, perhaps, an inferior quality: five pounds of coffee, ground, and kept corked in a bottle, for the purpose of excluding the atmospheric air: one pound of tea; fourteen pounds of sugar: a small quantity of spirits, of wine, and bottled porter: the latter, mixed with an equal quantity of water, with sugar and nutmeg, will be found very agreeable. Have a definite

understanding for the quantity of water per day. A filtering machine can be bought at 79, Titchfield Street, London, for twenty shillings. Eggs to be kept in bran, and frequently turned. Ten pounds of butter. Milk will keep, if boiled, and mixed with sugar, in the proportion of two pounds to the quart. If the articles enumerated under the head *Cabin Passengers* can be afforded, they would be found particularly pleasant. If there are females in the party, there should be some fowls. A few tin articles for the purposes of cooking, &c. Sea sickness cannot be prevented by any thing with which I am acquainted, though it can be materially lessened by being as much as possible upon deck, and by eating little at a time, and frequently.

In choosing a birth, either in the cabin or steerage, the middle of the vessel, or as near to it as can be procured, is desirable, on account of the ship's motion being there less felt. Books will be an occasional, and but an occasional, relief to the monotony of a sea voyage. Those of a light and amusing character are the most suitable. Reading for more than half an hour, at any one time, produces the head-ache, and sensibly affects the eyes. *Medicines* are an important article of sea stores: they should be in pills, and taken frequently, with great exactness, at stated periods, and in as small quantities as can possibly produce the effect. Steerage passengers should have a specific agreement with the captain for the use of the place of convenience: this is an important consideration; and I have heard of great inconvenience experienced by such persons in being denied this. A flute, a violin, and a pack of cards, are pleasant companions.

Packing up.—A selection should be made in a box, by themselves, of clothes intended to be worn at sea. Those of the most inferior kind will do as well as the best. A warm great coat will be found useful. The provision casks should be written on "Stores." Baggage must be entered at the Custom House; and in procuring a *cocket*, care should be taken that the whole of the packages are enumerated; if this is neglected, an additional expense will be incurred.

Articles desirable to be taken out.—Clothing of every kind, except silks and silk pocket handkerchiefs. Females would do well to take no article of dress, particular in appearance. Men's trousers should be of the *Wellington* kind only. The American fashions differ in some things from ours; and any deviation from them is much remarked upon. Most convenient and unbreakable articles of domestic utensils. No cabinet furniture. A good stock of table-linen and bedding: whether feather-beds are desirable or not, is, I believe, questionable. Carpeting, if it can be cut to suit other sized rooms; stationery of every kind; agricultural implements; musical and philosophical instruments.

United States' Duties on Importation upon the following Articles:—

	Per Cent.
Side and fire arms	20
All articles manufactured of brass	20
Buttons	20
Bonnets	30
Bridles and saddles	30
Books (blank)	30
Cutlery	20
All articles manufactured of cotton	25
Millinery	30
All articles manufactured of copper	20
Ditto of pewter	20
Ditto of steel	20
Ditto of tin	20
Parasols and umbrellas	30
Paper	30
Printing Types	20
All articles manufactured of wool	25
Ditto of Wood	30
Ditto of earthen and stone-ware	20
Ale and beer in bottles, per gallon	8d.
Ditto in casks	5½d.
Shoes (leather), per pair	13d.

Articles free of Duties:

Philosophical apparatus, if specially imported by order, and for the use of any society, incorporated for philosophical or literary purposes, or for the encouragement of the fine arts, or by order and for the use of any seminary of learning.

Anatomical preparations.

Animals imported for breed.

Wearing apparel, and other personal baggage, in actual use.

Rate of Coins:

English pound sterling is four dollars, forty-four cents.

Irish ditto, four dollars, ten cents.

French livre, eighteen and a-half cents.

Dutch florin, or guilder, forty cents.

Fees of Officers:

To the Collectors and Naval Officers.

Every port entry, two dollars.

Permit to land goods, twenty cents.

Every bond taken officially, forty cents.

Bill of health, twenty cents.

(There is commonly a demand of two dollars made for this by the captain; this is, of course, an imposition.)

Passengers' Baggage, &c.

Entry is to be made by passengers of all clothes, tools, or implements of trade, or profession, arriving in the United States to settle, which articles are exempted from duty. The form of such entry, and oath respecting the same, as follows:—

Entry of baggage, wearing apparel, &c. imported by _____ *in the*

master, from _____ *New York,*
(Here the particulars to be inserted.)

District of _____ Port of _____
I, _____ do solemnly, sincerely, and truly swear, (or affirm,) that that the entry subscribed by me, and hereto annexed, contains, to the best of

my knowledge and belief, a just and true account of the contents of the several mentioned in the said entry, imported in the from and that they contain no goods, wares, or merchandize whatever, other than the wearing apparel and other personal baggage (*or if the case require*) and the tools of the trade of all of which are the property of who has, or have arrived, who is, or are shortly expected to arrive in the United States: and are not directly or indirectly imported for any other person or persons, or intended for sale. So HELP ME GOD.

If the articles shall be entered by any other person than the owner, bond to be given in a sum equal to the amount of what the duties would be, if imported subject to duty; that the owner shall, within one year, verify such entry on oath, or the collector may direct such baggage to be examined; and if any article is contained therein, which ought to pay duty, entry must be made thereof; and if an entry is made, as aforesaid, and, upon examination thereof, any article is found therein subject to pay, (*not having been expressed at the time of making the entry,*) it is forfeited, and the person in whose baggage the same shall be found, forfeits and shall pay treble the value thereof.

Mechanics, intending to continue as such, would do well to remain in New York, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, until they become familiarised with the country. Persons designing to settle in the western states will save some expenses by landing in Philadelphia. Those, to whom a few pounds is not an object, will shorten their voyage two or three days by arriving at New York. The summer route from thence to Philadelphia is particularly pleasant, with the exception of twenty-five miles land-carriage, and sleeping one night on the road: the whole can be completed for about ten dollars. In winter, there are excellent stages (by far the best in America) from New York to Philadelphia: the fare is from eight to ten dollars, and the journey is completed in fourteen hours,—distance, ninety-six miles.

The route to the western country, by way of New Orleans, is attended with many disadvantages: it is much longer, and more dangerous, in consequence of a great deal of coasting, and the difficulties of the gulph of Florida. The voyage from the Balize, at the junction of the Mississippi with the gulf of Mexico, to New Orleans, though but one hundred miles, is always tedious, and sometimes vessels are three weeks in getting up that distance. The yellow fever is of annual occurrence at New Orleans. The steam-boats, though numerous, *cannot* proceed at stated periods, and a residence at New Orleans may be long, and *must be expensive*; and to take passage in a keel-boat, *up* the stream, would be an almost endless undertaking.

The best mode, in my judgment, is to proceed from Philadelphia by way of

Pittsburgh. Horseback is very preferable to the stage, particularly on the Alleghany mountains. A poor family would have their baggage conveyed in the cheapest way by the regular stage-waggons,—themselves walking; and this they will find in crossing the mountains to be better than riding (except on horseback). They should take with them as good a stock of *eatables* as they can with convenience, the charges on the road being very extravagant. Those who have their own waggons should have them made as strong as possible, and their horses should be in good condition. Small articles of cutlery, and all the machinery necessary for repairs on the road, are of first necessity. When arrived at Pittsburgh, the cheapest and easiest mode of travelling is to float down the river; for which purpose there are boats of almost every variety, (steam-boats excepted,) from 2s. 3d. upwards, per hundred miles. Upon this mode of travelling I do not enlarge: half an hour's residence in Pittsburgh will convey more information than I could in twenty pages. Warm clothing should be taken, as there is sure to be some *severe* weather in every part of America. The articles required, in floating down the river, will be nearly as follows:—The "Pittsburgh Navigator," a small volume, and which may be had at Cramer and Spears; nails, hammer, hatchet, tinder-box, box for fire, gridiron, iron-pot, coffee-pot, coffee-mill, teapot, plates, spoons, knives and forks, mugs, candles, coffee, tea, sugar, spirits, meat, potatoes, bread, pens and ink, paper, medicine, and a gun. If there is what is called "a good stage of water," that is, if the waters of the Ohio are high, which they always are in the spring and autumn, boats will be taken by the stream, without rowing, from three to four miles per hour. Except in cases of dense fog, they can be allowed to float at night in the Ohio. In the Mississippi this would not be safe, the navigation of the latter river being both difficult and dangerous. Unless the waters of the Ohio are very high at its falls, near Louisville, a pilot should be engaged to navigate the boat over them.

LETTERS FROM NORTH WALES.

LETTER VII.

—near Bala, 2nd Oct. 1817.

DEAR W.,—I intimated in my last, that I should remain quiet for the remainder of the season; but a circumstance, equally agreeable as unexpected, occasioned me to change my determination.—Mr. E., whom you may remember to have seen in town, called upon me at Dolgelly two days ago, and invited me to spend a few days at his residence near Bala. I originally intended to visit Bala this autumn; but, as the winter season approached so rapidly, I purposed deferring my jaunt thither till the ensuing spring: Mr. E.'s friendly invitation, however, determined

me to abide by my original plan, and I accompanied him home the same evening.

It was five o'clock ere we left Dolgelly, but the evening was remarkably fine; and, mounting our poney, we shortly found ourselves in a tract where scarcely any vestige of human habitation could be perceived; and which, save the road we traversed, seemed almost impervious to human being. The scene was of peculiar beauty and wildness; on one side we had an extensive and apparently impenetrable wood; on the other, the river Wnion, eddying with foam and fury round huge fragments of rock, that, rooted in the bed of the river, impeded its passage. The opposite shore, in some parts, rose into tall rocks, covered with gorse, heath, or brushwood: in others, it was of a more gentle description, indented with small bays, where the land sloped smoothly down, or sent into the river promontories covered with wood. Following the road, by the river side, we reached a cottage, about half-way between Dolgelly and Bala, occupied by a tenant of E.—s, with whom he had business to transact; and alighting, we entered it; and I never before beheld so much neatness and comfort in so contracted a space. The man happened to be from home, but his good wife was not remiss in the exercise of hospitality towards her landlord and his friend; the best the house afforded was immediately proffered us, but contenting ourselves with a jug of excellent Cwrrw, we awaited the return of our host. He soon made his appearance; and testified the same joy at the sight of his landlord, and alacrity to serve him, as his wife had done; he offered to accompany us to Bala, although he had but just returned thence; we, however, declined his kindness; and E.— having settled his business, we recommenced our journey. I have frequently had occasion to observe with what respect the mountain-peasant regards his landlord in this part of the world. Is not this a certain proof that the domineering and tyrannical spirit, which several of our modern landlords exercise towards their tenants, is at present unknown in the Principality, or, at least, this part of it?

When we left the cottage, we found that night had overtaken us; but

"High roll'd in cloudless blue the moon,"

and the mingled light and shadow, formed by her partial beams, produced a scene of the most exquisite beauty; and reminded me of the celebrated lines in Pope's Translation of the Iliad:—

"As, when the moon, resplendent lamp of night,

O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;

When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne, the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole:
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
There shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,

A flood of glory bursts from all the skies!"

worn out; and his abilities as well as patriotism shrink to nothing before the allurements of power. If he lives, he will be unfit for the station, as indeed he now is. If his health improves, to render him so far a *suitable person*—for the office—a wholesome revolution in the minds of the people will teach them to prefer a wise, a capable, and a patriotic man, to a hackneyed politician, propt up by a drivelling politician, fit only to wear petticoats. No man entertains a profounder reverence for the *real heroes* of the *revolution* than I do.—But it is turning reverence to *burlesque*—it is satirizing the qualities both of the soldier and the hero, to invest a man of Mr. Monroe's broken mind and dependent condition with the attribute of a sage, or the magnanimity of a soldier—much less, when he is trembling on the brink of *second childhood*, without memory—without even the remembrance of his early life—and with all the humours and caprices of infancy clinging about him! We speak on this point with the freedom of sincerity. Mr. Monroe is distinguished for a peculiar kind of *gravity*—he once possessed the reputation of a man of sincerity, too honest for guile—too frank for double-dealing; he was a man of great reserve and plainness, qualities which make a little wisdom go a *great way*; it is the *family budge*—it is the ridiculous quality of the ape—and should be abhorred by a man. This fully accounts for his inroads on the *hearts of the people*! A revolutionary soldier, indeed, might possess gravity in his *old age*—but constantly hung out, like false colours to *deceive* the people, and make them *think* him wise, is the characteristic of pride and degeneracy, not of greatness!"

TRANSPARENT DRESS OF THE LADIES.

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TRUE HISTORY OF ST. GEORGE.

(Continued from No. 36, page 570.)

BUT, then, as to the merits of the Doctor's hypothesis, and his mode of supporting it, which last is indeed entirely new, though one should admit, that many of the Popish saints are mere non-entities, and that many improbable, false, and fabulous stories, like that of St. George and the Dragon, have been told concerning those phantasms; yet few, I believe, will concur with Dr. Pettingal in his opinion, that St. George was no more than an allegorical saint; because it is so extremely difficult, and even improbable, to suppose, that the Franks, or the western Christians, who, for the most part, were very ignorant and illiterate men, when they were in the east, where they heard so much of this Cappadocian saint and soldier, and of his martyrdom, should ever think of

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* Letters, vol. ii. p. 183.

* Shaw's Travels, p. 241.

my knowledge and belief, a just and true account of the contents of the several mentioned in the said entry, imported in the from

and that they contain no goods, wares, or merchandize whatever, other than the wearing apparel and other personal baggage (*or if the case require*) and the tools of the trade of all of which are the property of who has, or have arrived, who is, or are shortly expected to arrive in the United States: and are not directly or indirectly imported for any other person or persons, or intended for sale. **SO HELP ME GOD.**

If the articles shall be entered by any other person than the owner, bond to be given in a sum equal to the amount of what the duties would be, if imported subject to duty; that the owner shall, within one year, verify such entry on oath, or the collector may direct such baggage to be examined; and if any article is contained therein, which ought to pay duty, entry must be made thereof; and if an entry is made, as aforesaid, and, upon examination thereof, any article is found therein subject to pay, (*not having been expressed at the time of making the entry,*) it is forfeited, and the person in whose baggage the same shall be found, forfeits and shall pay treble the value thereof.

Mechanics, intending to continue as such, would do well to remain in New York, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, until they become familiarised with the country. Persons designing to settle in the western states will save some expenses by landing in Philadelphia. Those, to whom a few pounds is not an object, will shorten their voyage two or three days by arriving at New York. The summer route from thence to Philadelphia is particularly pleasant, with the exception of twenty-five miles land-carriage, and sleeping one night on the road: the whole can be completed for about ten dollars. In winter, there are excellent stages (by far the best in America) from New York to Philadelphia: the fare is from eight to ten dollars, and the journey is completed in fourteen hours,—distance, ninety-six miles.

The route to the western country, by way of New Orleans, is attended with many disadvantages: it is much longer, and more dangerous, in consequence of a great deal of coasting, and the difficulties of the gulph of Florida. The voyage from the Balize, at the junction of the Mississippi with the gulf of Mexico, to New Orleans, though but one hundred miles, is always tedious, and sometimes vessels are three weeks in getting up that distance. The yellow fever is of annual occurrence at New Orleans. The steam-boats, though numerous, *cannot* proceed at stated periods, and a residence at New Orleans may be long, and *must be expensive*; and to take passage in a keel-boat, *up* the stream, would be an almost endless undertaking.

The best mode, in my judgment, is to proceed from Philadelphia by way of

Pittsburgh. Horseback is very preferable to the stage, particularly on the Alleghany mountains. A poor family would have their baggage conveyed in the cheapest way by the regular stage-waggons,—themselves walking; and this they will find in crossing the mountains to be better than riding (except on horseback). They should take with them as good a stock of *eatables* as they can with convenience, the charges on the road being very extravagant. Those who have their own waggons should have them made as strong as possible, and their horses should be in good condition. Small articles of cutlery, and all the machinery necessary for repairs on the road, are of first necessity. When arrived at Pittsburgh, the cheapest and easiest mode of travelling is to float down the river; for which purpose there are boats of almost every variety, (steam-boats excepted,) from 2s. 3d. upwards, per hundred miles. Upon this mode of travelling I do not enlarge: half an hour's residence in Pittsburgh will convey more information than I could in twenty pages. Warm clothing should be taken, as there is sure to be some *severe* weather in every part of America. The articles required, in floating down the river, will be nearly as follows:—The "Pittsburgh Navigator," a small volume, and which may be had at Cramer and Spears; nails, hammer, hatchet, tinder-box, box for fire, gridiron, iron-pot, coffee-pot, coffee-mill, teapot, plates, spoons, knives and forks, mugs, candles, coffee, tea, sugar, spirits, meat, potatoes, bread, pens and ink, paper, medicine, and a gun. If there is what is called "a good stage of water," that is, if the waters of the Ohio are high, which they always are in the spring and autumn, boats will be taken by the stream, without rowing, from three to four miles per hour. Except in cases of dense fog, they can be allowed to float at night in the Ohio. In the Mississippi this would not be safe, the navigation of the latter river being both difficult and dangerous. Unless the waters of the Ohio are very high at its falls, near Louisville, a pilot should be engaged to navigate the boat over them.

LETTERS FROM NORTH WALES.

LETTER VII.

—near Bala, 2nd Oct. 1817.

DEAR W.,—I intimated in my last, that I should remain quiet for the remainder of the season; but a circumstance, equally agreeable as unexpected, occasioned me to change my determination.—Mr. E., whom you may remember to have seen in town, called upon me at Dolgelly two days ago, and invited me to spend a few days at his residence near Bala. I originally intended to visit Bala this autumn; but, as the winter season approached so rapidly, I purposed deferring my jaunt thither till the ensuing spring: Mr. E.'s friendly invitation, however, determined

me to abide by my original plan, and I accompanied him home the same evening.

It was five o'clock ere we left Dolgelly, but the evening was remarkably fine; and, mounting our poney, we shortly found ourselves in a tract where scarcely any vestige of human habitation could be perceived; and which, save the road we traversed, seemed almost impervious to human being. The scene was of peculiar beauty and wildness; on one side we had an extensive and apparently impenetrable wood; on the other, the river Wnion, eddying with foam and fury round huge fragments of rock, that, rooted in the bed of the river, impeded its passage. The opposite shore, in some parts, rose into tall rocks, covered with gorse, heath, or brushwood: in others, it was of a more gentle description, indented with small bays, where the land sloped smoothly down, or sent into the river promontories covered with wood. Following the road, by the river side, we reached a cottage, about half-way between Dolgelly and Bala, occupied by a tenant of E.—s, with whom he had business to transact; and alighting, we entered it; and I never before beheld so much neatness and comfort in so contracted a space. The man happened to be from home, but his good wife was not remiss in the exercise of hospitality towards her landlord and his friend; the best the house afforded was immediately proffered us, but contenting ourselves with a jug of excellent Cwrw, we awaited the return of our host. He soon made his appearance; and testified the same joy at the sight of his landlord, and alacrity to serve him, as his wife had done; he offered to accompany us to Bala, although he had but just returned thence; we, however, declined his kindness; and E— having settled his business, we recommenced our journey. I have frequently had occasion to observe with what respect the mountain-peasant regards his landlord in this part of the world. Is not this a certain proof that the domineering and tyrannical spirit, which several of our modern landlords exercise towards their tenants, is at present unknown in the Principality, or, at least, this part of it?

When we left the cottage, we found that night had overtaken us; but

"High roll'd in cloudless blue the moon,"

and the mingled light and shadow, formed by her partial beams, produced a scene of the most exquisite beauty; and reminded me of the celebrated lines in Pope's Translation of the Iliad:—

"As, when the moon, resplendent lamp of night,

O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;

When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne, the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole:
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
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A flood of glory bursts from all the skies!"

worn out; and his abilities as well as patriotism shrink to nothing before the allurements of power. If he lives, he will be unfit for the station, as indeed he now is. If his health improves, to render him so far a *suitable person*—for the office—a wholesome revolution in the minds of the people will teach them to prefer a wise, a capable, and a patriotic man, to a hackneyed politician, propt up by a drivelling politician, fit only to wear petticoats. No man entertains a profounder reverence for the *real heroes* of the *revolution* than I do.—But it is turning reverence to *burlesque*—it is satirizing the qualities both of the soldier and the hero, to invest a man of Mr. Monroe's broken mind and dependent condition with the attribute of a sage, or the magnanimity of a soldier—much less, when he is trembling on the brink of *second childhood*, without memory—without even the remembrance of his early life—and with all the humours and caprices of infancy clinging about him! We speak on this point with the freedom of sincerity. Mr. Monroe is distinguished for a peculiar kind of *gravity*—he once possessed the reputation of a man of sincerity, too honest for guile—too frank for double-dealing; he was a man of great reserve and plainness, qualities which make a little wisdom go a *great way*; it is the *family badge*—it is the ridiculous quality of the ape—and should be abhorred by a man. This fully accounts for his inroads on the *hearts of the people*! A revolutionary soldier, indeed, might possess gravity in his *old age*—but constantly hung out, like false colours to *deceive* the people, and make them *think* him wise, is the characteristic of pride and degeneracy, not of greatness!"

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* Letters, vol. ii. p. 183.

* Shaw's Travels, p. 241.

who has handled the argument the most copiously, has shown, that authors of all ages, from Eusebius Cæsariensis, A. 326, to Henr. Oræus, A. 1600, have acknowledged the reality of our saint and martyr*; and I shall here beg leave to recite his conclusion, so pertinent to the purpose, though the passage be somewhat long. "If we consult the testimonies of all sorts of men," says this learned and diligent writer, "we find St. George to be thus reckoned, [that is, a martyr] both by Turkes (as in the next chapter) and by Christians; by the west churches and the easterne; by papists and by protestants; by princes, prelates, and their people; by writers, ancient and moderne. If we expect the general consent herein of all the times and ages, since his death and martyrdom, we have already made it plaine, by way of a chronologie†, that there hath been no age, no not that *seculum infelix*, as it is called by Bellarmine, in which we have not plentiful assurance of our cause. And for the close of all, looke into all parts of the world, and tell me, which of all the three hath not afforded honour to him as an holy martyr: fois name commemorated in the martyrologies of Rome and Greece; his reliques revered in Spaine, Constantinople, France, and Germany; temples erected to his honour, in Rome, Thrace, Romula, Diospolis, Alexandria, Caire, and Æthiopia, and in other places by prelates, popes, and emperors; temples in Asia, Europe, and in Africa, and in the principal cities also of the east and west and southern parts of the whole world. Then, certainly, we may affirm of our Saint George, as the historian did of Pompey, *Quot partes terrarum sunt, tot fecit monumenta victoria sua*‡. So, then, the storie of St. George, and the opinion of his being a martyr, having been entertained by all sorts of men, in all ages of the church, and all the quarters of the world, we may maintaine according to the rule of Lerinensis§, that, therefore, it is to be counted true, without more disputing. The one affirmed by Doctor Reynolds||, '*Georgius, quem orientalis et occidentalis ecclesia pro martyre colit.*' And, in another place, '*Universalem ecclesiam, hoc est orientalem et occidentalem, Georgium, pro martyre coluisse,*' out of which one, so granted, we will, without demanding leave, conclude the other¶.

To return to our ancestors in the 14th century. It is plain, to demonstration, that King Edward III esteemed Saint

George a real person; for he says, expressly, in the extant copies of his statutes. "Ad honorem omnipotentis Dei, Sanctæ Mariæ Virginis gloriosæ, et Sancti Georgii Martyris, Dominus noster, &c.*." And I think it not improbable, that in those days of darkness, the best people could believe even the story of St. George's killing the dragon in its literal sense, as Jacobus de Voragine had then broached it in the Golden Legend; just as the ancient Greeks and Romans did that of Perseus and Andromeda, of Apollo and Python, and of Bellerophon and the Chimæra, without ever recurring to the physical and recondite meaning of them; though we, who are now living in a more enlightened age, can see so many reasons for discarding them all. So far, according to my conception, would the court of King Edward the Third be, from refining upon an equestrian figure with a dragon underneath it, either by putting a spiritual interpretation upon it, or by accepting and using it as a talisman, or charm. And the same may be said of our knights in the reign of King Henry VIII, who first brought the George into the order, and premises to his statutes:—"Whereas . . . Edward, the Thirde of that name . . . to th'on-noure of Almighty God, and of the blessed and immaculate Virgyn Marie, and the blessed Martir Sainte George," &c. Dr. Pettingal, I observe, builds much on this equestrian figure, as apposite to the representation of the Sun, Perseus, Bellerophon, &c. on some ancient remains, whose images, he conceives, are physically to be understood, and as so many hieroglyphics. But, with submission to this learned antiquary, our ancestors, in the time of Edward III and Henry VIII, put no such abstruse meaning on the story of St. George, understanding the usual effigies of their patron literally; since, both in the east†, and here, in England, he was wont to be depicted in that form, before the Order of the Garter was created. And one cannot but subscribe to the declaration of Mr. Selden, "that no apter figure could be made of him, being supposed a soldier and a commander‡." And in that shape we behold him on the coins of Russia§, and on their arms||.

* Ashmole in Appendice, passim, and No. 1, p. 152, 189.

† Nicephorus Gregoras apud Seldenum, § 44. And see the citation from Baronius in that section. See, also, § 41, versus finem. Heylin, p. 75, 277, and Dr. Pettingal, p. 36, 44. Nicephorus, indeed, ends his history about 1345; but, then, he speaks of the equestrian statue of St. George as much older. And the apparition of the saint at Antioch was, accordingly, on horseback, as Henry of Huntingdon, p. 376, represents it.

‡ Seldon, § 44.

§ Of St. George, as a great Russian saint; see Heylin, 278. And, for the coins in particular, see Dr. Pettingal, p. 25; and what will be advanced concerning them hereafter.

|| Seldon, § 44. Gordon's Geograph. Grammar, p. 79.

The doctor, when he speaks of Bellerophon, Perseus, &c. finds a proper etymology for their names in their symbolical characters*; but there is nothing congruous to this in respect of St. George, as Dr. Heylin well observes, whose name only signifies an *husbandman*†; whence I should think it extremely forced and unnatural, to put the like interpretation upon his figures, and to construe that in a mystical sense also.

The doctor has interested the Basilidian heretics very much in this business, and has actually engraved (p. 25), three small irregular silver pieces, of *undoubted genuineness and antiquity, about twelve or thirteen hundred years old, with Ephesian letters*, as he characterises them, and taking them for Abraxas, has bestowed two or three pages in explaining them upon that plan, but to very little purpose or satisfaction, since they appear to be modern Russian coins. I am sure I have two of the same stamp, brought from Dantzic, and given to me for such; and the inscriptions on those adduced by the doctor, answer to the Russian kopeicks and half-kopeicks, described in Sneling's Current Coins of Europe, p. 11, as having, on one side, St. George, and on the other, *Russ letters*. The same figure of St. George and the Dragon hanging in a shield round the neck of the double-head spread eagle, make part of the arms of Russia.

I flatter myself, upon the whole, that enough has been said, though but in brief, to incline any one to the opinion of Mr. Selden, Dr. Heylin, and the other learned gentlemen above, who think that though some few scholars have doubted of the being and existence of St. George, and have even attempted to interpret his history in an allegorical sense; yet there is sufficient evidence to induce a belief both of the reality of his personal existence, and of his martyrdom. This is all I contend for; since, as to the miracles reported to have been performed by him, and various other particulars of his history contained in the Legends, I pretend not to justify or receive them. But, as to the two points I mentioned, St. George's existence and his martyrdom, there appears to be as full proof of them as of most other historical facts. Dr. Pettingal, indeed, remarks, that Procopius, who lived in the time of Justinian, is the first person that mentions our saint; and that Nicephorus Gregoras, who wrote under Andronicus Senior, in the fourteenth century, is the first that speaks of his equestrian figure‡. But Dr. Heylin has rendered it exceedingly probable, that the great ecclesiastical historian, Eusebius, though he has not particularly expressed St. George's name, has yet sufficiently pointed him out in his 8th book§. I take no

* Bellerophon, he deduces, p. 11, from Baal, or Belrophe, the God of Healing; and Perseus, p. 12, from Peres, an horseman.

† Heylin, p. 125, seq. 334.

‡ Dr. Pettingal, p. 27.

§ Heylin, p. 149, seq.

* Heylin, p. 161, seq.

† He refers here to the Catalogues of Authors put down by him, p. 161.

‡ Vell. Patercul. L. ii.

§ Vincensus Lerinensis advers. Hæres. cap. 3, whose words are:—"In Ecclesia Catholica illud magnopere curandum est, ut teneamus id, quod ab omnibus, quod semper, quod ubique, creditum est."

|| This learned man was of opinion that St. George, the martyr, of Cappadocia, was the same person as George the Arian, Bishop of Alexandria.

¶ Dr. Heylin, p. 241.

snow—or rather to discolour snow, as we frequently see it discoloured by other substances. The great quantity of sea-birds in the Arctic Regions is no matter of new information; and, since the Uric Acid contained in their dung is capable of giving a red colour to fields of snow, the only remarkable circumstance is, that the phenomenon should not have been familiar, not merely to seamen frequenting those regions, but to our books of natural history. Pontoppidan, in his Natural History of Norway, tells us, that “the sea and shore-birds are sometimes observed in such flocks that they obscure the heavens;” and enumerates, among the benefits conferred, through their medium, upon mankind, “the extraordinary good grass that grows in consequence of the dung left by them upon the islands, and even in the ocean, which frequently looks white, and as if it were covered, with it.”—But not a word of *Red Snow*!

Iron Knives of the Esquimaux.—But if Meteoric Iron is not the colouring matter of the Red Snow, some of our contemporaries are resolved that this substance shall nevertheless figure in other important capacities in the Northern Regions. Since the story of Lost Greenland, and the promise of a change of the English climate, by the removal of the Greenland ice, nothing so vast, on the subject of the Arctic Regions, has made its appearance, as the account which follows:—

“The officers in the Expedition under Captain Ross, lately returned from Baffin’s Bay, expressed their great astonishment to have found the native Esquimaux in possession of instruments made of Iron, which led them to imagine, either that they must, at some period, have had traffic with other nations, which seemed almost impossible, or that iron must be produced there. A diligent search, however, satisfied them on the point, for an immense mass of iron was discovered on the surface of the earth, a lump of which they brought with them to England, which has since been analysed by some scientific gentlemen at the Royal Institution, and found to be composed of 3 per cent. nickel, the rest iron. From the circumstance of nickel never having been found in iron, but in one instance, viz. a lump brought by Professor Pallas from Russia, which the Royal Academies of London and Paris pronounced to be meteoric, and fallen from the clouds, there remains no doubt of that brought from Baffin’s Bay being of a similar kind. This extraordinary fact, perhaps the most important result of the Expedition, may not only teach us ultimately how to explain the phenomena of the *Northern Lights*, from which it is possible meteoric iron may be produced to an extent hitherto unimagined, but also to account for the remarkable variations of the compass in these latitudes, if not to unravel the entire mystery of Magnetism and the Needle.”

The simple facts are these. Though many particulars of the Northern Esqui-

maux have recently transpired, and though accounts of some of the rarities brought by Captain Ross have appeared in the papers, yet the most curious particular of all has hitherto passed unmentioned. All these Esquimaux were found in possession of *iron knives*—but iron knives of a very peculiar construction and substance. Their blades are composed of a series of small pieces of iron, of the shape and size of half sixpences, of which the flat sides are set in a grooved bone of sufficient length. The edge is slightly notched, as being formed of these separate hemispherical pieces.

But now for the chemical and magnetic question. Several of these knives have been brought to England, and the iron of each is found to contain Nickel*. Nickel has not hitherto been found in any iron but meteoric iron; that is, the iron contained in the stones which have fallen from the atmosphere. But these knives were taken at random from among the Esquimaux. It is hence inferred that all the knives of the Esquimaux are formed of meteoric iron, and consequently large quantities of that substance exist in their country. Two small lumps have, in fact, been brought to England; but no “immense mass was discovered on the surface of the earth.”

After all, the meteoric iron knives of the Esquimaux are, doubtlessly, objects of the first curiosity. It is remembered, as a part of human history, that instruments of iron, though the most common among ourselves, are comparatively of modern date, copper having anciently supplied its place†; and all the other metals than iron being more obvious to the hand, as well as more easily worked, in all the countries hitherto known. It is a further subject of interesting conjecture, if we attempt to connect this supposed abundance of iron containing Nickel with an abundant fall of meteoric stones in the Arctic Regions; those meteoric stones with the Northern Lights, and the modern increased frequency both of the Northern Lights and of the fall of meteoric stones, in the southern latitudes, as well as the Magnetic Variation, &c. with any general change in the position of our globe! But alas! all this fabric of natural philosophy rests, at present, upon no other foundation, than that of two or three knives of two or three Esquimaux savages.

Dogs from Baffin’s Bay.—Some of the dogs brought by Captain Ross have been sent to the British Museum, where they may be seen at present, alive. We thought that they had been otherwise disposed of; and, to our astonishment, we learn, at the Museum, that it is in contemplation, at the Museum, to kill and stuff them. All this is very well at the Museum, which is not a *Menagerie*; but will nobody interpose? Is there no

place for them at the Tower, nor at Exeter ‘Change? We will tell our readers, in our next, how the Esquimaux love and prize their dogs!

THOUGHTS ON STUDY.

It is equally the interest and the duty of every person to improve his understanding, to inform his judgment, and so treasure up useful knowledge.

Whatever is to be our profession, no study is more necessary than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. The best knowledge is that which is of the greatest use and necessity to us.

Knowledge gives ease to solitude, and gracefulness to retirement. It fills a public station with suitable abilities, and adds a lustre to those who are in possession of them.

The proper study of mankind is man, and this study originates from the smallest beginnings, and enlarges as the faculties of the mind unfold themselves. Those who learn to think will be qualified to act.

The following epistle, which Alexander wrote to Aristotle, shows how much that Emperor valued knowledge, “you have not done well to publish your books of select knowledge; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things I have been instructed in are communicated to every body? For my own part I declare to you I would rather excel others in knowledge than in power.”

FAREWELL.

VARIETY.

On the 14th of September, 1186, all the planets, then known, were in conjunction in *Libra*, the only circumstance of the kind on record. It is a proof of the sun’s containing more matter than the sum of the contents of all the planets, and thereby possessing sufficient power to counterbalance their united powers of gravity.

The only remaining monument of the Gothic language is a copy of the Gospels somewhat mutilated, which, from the silver with which the characters are adorned, is called the silver book. It is now preserved at Upsal, and having been twice published before, was reprinted at Oxford some years since, under the inspection of Mr. Lye, the Editor of Junius. It has been doubted whether the diction of it be purely Gothic: it seems, however, to exhibit the most ancient dialect now to be found of the Teutonic race, and the Saxon was derived from it, or both have descended from some common parent.

* See an account of Nickel in our present number.

† The Peruvians are said to have had a method of hardening copper, so as both to increase its utility and preserve its lustre.

ANECDOTES OF LONDON.

No. IV.

The Great Fire.—In Pudding Lane, on the front of the house where the fire broke out, the following inscription was put up in stone:—

"Here, by the permission of Heaven, hell broke loose upon this protestant city, from the malicious hearts of barbarous papists, by the hand of their agent, *Tubert*, who confessed, and on the ruins of this place declared the fact, for which he was hanged, (viz.) That here began that dreadful fire, which is described and perpetuated on and by the neighbouring pillar, erected anno 1681, in the mayoralty of Sir Patience Ward, Knight."

Gunpowder Plot.—The house in which Lord Monteagle resided at the time of his receiving the letter respecting the Gunpowder Plot, in the year 1605, is yet, in part, standing. It is situated in Monteagle Close, in the Borough, and is occupied by a cooper, who has converted what ground remains attached to it to the purpose of his business.

Jane Shore.—The house in which the husband of the celebrated Jane Shore formerly lived, can be proved, by old leases, was No. 43, in Lombard-street. It is supposed the present house of that number is the same dwelling, though, from the extensive repairs it has undergone at various periods, it has now a modern appearance. Shore was a silversmith, and his house has always continued in the occupation of one of that trade till within the last fourteen years, when it came into the hands of Mr. Alger, a bootmaker, who is the present occupant.

Animal Consumption.—The consumption of sheep and lambs in London, during the last twelve months, amounted in number to one million, sixty-two thousand, seven hundred. The number of horned cattle slaughtered was one hundred and sixty-four thousand. And the number of horse hides produced at Leadenhall Market amounted to twelve thousand nine hundred.

King's Theatre.—The corridor, or arcade, at the western side of the King's Theatre, is, so far, an imitation of part of the far-famed Palais Royal, in Paris. The *petits bureaux*, to each of which appertains a *souterrain* of corresponding size, are nearly all occupied, and well stocked with miscellaneous articles of fashion and luxury. If brilliantly lighted, which will doubtless be the case when the operas commence, the arcade would display an elegant and crowded promenade.

Argyle Rooms.—A few days ago, the claims of Mr. Slade, proprietor of the Argyle Rooms, upon the Commissioners of the New Street, were brought before a jury at the Guildhall, Westminster. The Deputy Bailiff presided. Mr. Serjeant Best

stated the case, and claimed for his client a compensation, amounting to near 30,000*l.* First, seventeen years' purchaser at a rent of 1150*l.* a-year, making 19,550*l.*; secondly, three years' clear profit, a, 2500*l.* a-year, amounting to 7500*l.* To this was to be added 2200*l.* for losses by sale and removal of property, together with other smaller items. Several witnesses were examined, who gave different estimates of the value of the property. At length, after Mr. Serjeant Best had spoken in reply, and the Deputy Bailiff summed up the evidence, the jury retired for nearly an hour, and brought in a verdict for the claimant, 22,750*l.*

Topography.—Sackville Street is the longest in London, without a turning. Prince's Square, between Little Queen Street and Gate Street, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, has only one house. Bank Street, Cornhill, is a great thoroughfare, and has but two doors that open into it. Engine Street, Piccadilly, has but one entrance to a residence in it.

Frost Fair.—During the fair on the Thames, in February, 1814, a man, with a small printing-press, took upwards of thirty-nine pounds in one day, so great was the number of persons, and so anxious were they to possess a card printed on the ice.

Church Clocks.—A correspondent suggests, that it would be of great advantage if a transparent dial plate were affixed to St. Dunstan's clock, and lighted with gas; likewise, if all the parish churches which are in conspicuous situations had a similar apparatus. The project appears, however, to be impracticable.

The Rose Theatre, in Southwark, was built by Philip Henslowe in 1592, and opened by him in that year: the total cost was only 103*l.* 2*s.* 7*d.*—*Malone.*

Stage Coaches.—It is a curious fact, that no less than three hundred stage coaches pass daily through the turnpike-gate at Hyde-park-corner.

Fugitive Poetry.

LINES ON NOVEMBER.

WHY droops the heart, at this lone hour,
Nor feels its wonted spirits glow?
Why seems each late-lov'd scene to lower,
And every grief a deeper woe?

Can Nature's dying tints impart
The gloom which o'er their ruin lies?
Can earth's chang'd scenes augment the smart
Which life in ceaseless course supplies?

Ah yes! and now the varying scene
Of man's dark journey darker seems;
The loss of joys, which once have been,
Crowds on the soul in all its dreams.

And why? this gloom to man is given
When Nature's beauties feel decay,
To call his scatter'd thoughts to Heaven,
And fix them on a brighter day.

And all around him points to this,
The wither'd herb, the leafless trees,
The swiftly fading hour of bliss,
The cold heart sinking to the breeze;

And these sweet flowers, that smile no more,
Which spread their charms to droop and die,
And the wild wave which chafes the shore
And hodes the wintry tempest nigh;

All, all in speaking signs declare,
No mortal long must linger here,
Nor the short dreams of pleasure share
Unmix'd with sorrow, toil, or fear.

Yet still, nor Heaven—nor human tie,
(Short though it be, and dewed with tears,)
Can check the daring march of crime
Along the stormy vale of years;

But, like the fleeting things around,
Man heedless views the yawning tomb,
And harden'd still from every wound,
He toils, and droops, and braves his doom.

ON A TEAR.

Oh! that the chemist's magic art
Could chrystalize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart—
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell,—
The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee, the rays of virtue shine
More calmly clear—more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul,
Who ever fliest to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief;

The sages and the poet's theme,
In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry age,
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream—
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source;
That law preserves the Earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course!

PARTIES IN THE UNITED STATES.

[An absurd attempt is made, in Mr. Bristed's *America and her Resources*, and in other publications, to persuade the world, that the happy result of the late war with England has been that of uniting all parties in the United States, upon all subjects. Of the truth of this position, let the following portrait of the President, by a correspondent of the *Aurora*, (the *Morning Chronicle* of the United States,) bear testimony!]

"In the discussion of this point, we shall take it for granted, that there obtains a moral impossibility of Mr. Monroe's even being elected for a second term of four years. Our reasons for this opinion shall be briefly stated:—Mr. Monroe is old; his body and mind are both feeble and infirm; his faculties and his firmness are

notice of the testimony of St. Ambrose, *Georgius Christi miles fidelissimus*, &c. because his *Liber Præfationum*, whence those words are taken, is not extant, and the words are only cited by some comparatively recent authors*. But it is thought, by several learned men†, that Lactantius, in his book *De Mortibus Persecutorum*, a work that was not published when Dr. Heylin wrote, when he says, speaking of the edict against the Christians, "Quod edictum quidam, etsi non recte, magno tamen animo diripuit et concidit, cum irridens diceret victorias Gothorum et Sarmatarum præpositas. Statimque productus, non modo extortus, sed etiam legitime coctus, cum admirabili patientia postremo exustus est‡," meant our champion St. George. As to Nicephorus, his history ends, we allow, A. 1345; but then, it appears from his words, as given by Dr. Heylin, that St. George was pictured on horseback in Baldwin's time, who acceded to the empire, A. 1227, and that the picture might have been in the palace long before§. However, as the ensign of the George did not come into use till the reign of King Henry VIII, there was certainly time enough between A. 1345 and that reign, for the equestrian figure of our saint to prevail there. But we shall show, in the sequel, that this device was received here long before even the year 1345.

(To be continued.)

KNOWLEDGE AND SCIENCE.

Uric Acid—Various attempts were made by chemists, to ascertain the nature of the calculous concretions which occasionally form in the kidneys and bladder, and produce one of the most painful diseases to which we are liable. These attempts were attended with very little success, till Scheele published a set of experiments on the subject, in 1776. He examined several of these urinary calculi, and found them composed chiefly of a peculiar acid, the properties of which he described. To the acid thus discovered, Morveau gave, at first, the name of *bezoardic*, which was afterwards changed into *lithic*, by the French chemists, when they contrived the new chemical nomenclature, in 1787. This last term, in consequence chiefly of the observations and objections of Dr. Pearson, has been recently laid aside, and the name *uric acid* substituted in its place.

To obtain pure uric acid, Dr. Henry dissolved pulverised calculi in a ley of potash, and precipitated the uric acid by

means of muriatic or acetic acids. The powder thus obtained, was first washed with a little ammonia, to remove any adhering foreign acid, and thenedulcorated with a sufficient quantity of warm water.

Uric acid, thus obtained, is a white powder, which feels harsh, but not gritty, and is destitute both of taste and smell. It reddens the infusion of litmus. It dissolves in seventeen hundred and twenty parts of water, at the temperature of 60°, and in eleven hundred and fifty parts of boiling water. As this last solution cools, it deposits minute crystals of uric acid. The watery solution reddens litmus, but produces no precipitate when dropt into earthy or metallic salts.

When the solution of uric, in nitric acid, is boiled, a quantity of azotic gas, carbonic acid gas, and of prussic acid, is disengaged. Dr. Pearson, by repeated distillations, converted the residue into nitrate of ammonia.

It combines with the different bases, and forms a genus of salts called *urates*; for the examination of which, we are chiefly indebted to Dr. Henry.

Nickel.—Nickel, a newly discovered metal, is of a white colour. When obtained perfectly pure, it is malleable. Its lustre is agreeable, and at some period it may become of importance in the arts, and in domestic economy.

Assay and Analysis of Nickel.—This metal is generally obtained from a mineral of a reddish brown colour, frequently spotted with green, found plentifully in different parts of Germany. This ore was formerly thought to be copper ore, from its green spots, but, in consequence of its affording no copper, it obtained the name of *kupfer-nickel*, which means "false copper." This mineral, in a native state, chiefly consists of nickel and sulphur, but contains more or less of arsenic, cobalt, and iron. The first experiments to ascertain the nature of this mineral, were by Cronstedt, in 1751, who was of opinion, that he had obtained a peculiar metal from it, to which he gave the name of nickel. What he procured, however, was not pure nickel, in consequence of which, the authority of this chemist was doubted by Sage and Monnet. This point was at last finally settled by Bengman, who proved it to be a new metal.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

November 20 to December 3, 1818

BIOGRAPHY.

An Account of the Life, Ministry, and Writings, of the late Rev. John Fawcett, D. D. 8vo. 12s.

EDUCATION.

Clef de la Nouvelle Grammaire de Langue Françoise. Par C. Gros. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

A Picturesque Tour of Italy. No. 3. 4to. 12s. 6d. Large paper, 18s.

Pompeiana. By Sir Wm. Gell and J. P. Gaudy, Esq. No. 11. 8vo. 3s. 4to. 12s.

Italian Scenery. No. 5. 8vo. 10s. 6d. 4to. 14s.

GALVANISM.

An Account of the History and Present State of Galvanism. By John Bostock, M. D. F. R. S. 8vo. 7s.

HISTORY.

Annals of Aberdeen; from the Reign of King William the Lion to the end of the year 1818; with an Account of the City, Cathedral, &c. By Wm. Kennedy, Esq. 2 vols. 4to. 4l. 4s.

LAW.

The Statutes of the United Kingdom. Vol. 7, part 2. 4to. 18s.

A Practical Treatise on the Statutes for Registering Deeds and Instruments in the Counties of Middlesex and York; with Precedents of Memorials. By John Wilson, Attorney at Law. 8vo. 6s.

MATHEMATICS.

A Series of Mathematical Tables for Schools and Students. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

MEDICINE.

Physiological and Medical Researches into the Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of Gravel. Translated from the French of F. Majendie, M. D. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANIES.

An Impartial Statement of all Proceedings connected with the late Elections; including Biographical Notices. 8vo. 12s.

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A Diurnal Register for the Barometer and Thermometer; published with a design to bring these important Instruments into general notice. By Jeffrey Dennis, M. S. F. 4to. 9s.

NOVELS.

The Son of O'Donnel; a Novel. By Rosalia St. Clair. 3 vols. 12mo. 16s. 6d.

The Englishman in Paris; a satirical Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 10s.

A Year and a Day; a Novel. By Madame Panache. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

Castles in the Air; or, the Whims of my Aunt; a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

The Bard of the West; an Irish Historical Romance. By Mrs. Peck. 3 vols. 12mo. 15s.

Florence Macarthy; an Irish Tale. By Lady Morgan. 4 vols. 12mo. 1l. 8s.

Charenton; or, the Follies of the Age; a Philosophical Romance. By M. D. Lourdourix. Translated from the French. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Principle and Passion; a Novel. 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.

Winter Evenings; or, Tales of Travellers. By Maria Hack. 4 vols. 18mo. 10s.

POEMS.

The Dream of Youth; a Poem. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Replies to the Letters of the Fudge Family in Paris. Edited by Thomas Brown, Esq. 8vo. 7s.

Night; a Descriptive Poem. Part 1. In four Books. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THEOLOGY.

A Review of Scripture in Testimony of the Truth of the Second Advent, the First Resurrection, and the Millennium. By a Layman. 8vo. 6s.

Sermons; selected from the Works of the most eminent Divines of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries. By the Rev. E. A. Bray. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Old Church of England Principles opposed to the "New Light." By the Rev. Rich. Warner. Vol. 2 and 3. 12mo. 14s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Graphic and Historical Description of Edinburgh; comprising a Series of Views of its most interesting Remains of Antiquity. No. 1. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Chronological and Historical Illustrations of the Ancient Architecture of Great Britain. By John Britton, F. S. A. No. 2. 4to. 12s. Imperial, 1l.

The History of the Royal Residences. Nos. 15 and 16. 4to. 1l. 10s. Large paper, 1l. 11s. 6d.

Picturesque Rides and Walks, with Excursions by Water, thirty miles round the Metropolis; with Engravings. By J. Hassell. 2 vols. Foolscape, 3l. 3s. 8vo. 5l.

* Heylin, p. 153.

† Mr. Wheatley, on the Book of Common Prayer, p. 64. Mr. Butler, in Lives of Saints, 23d April.

‡ Lactant de Mort. Persecut. p. 862, edit. Sparke, and Baluze's Note, who shows the acts of St. George, published by Henschenius, tom. iii, p. 107, to be spurious.

§ Heylin, p. 77.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The tragedy of *Brutus* was repeated on Wednesday evening, for the sixth time. We have great pleasure in finding ourselves authorized to contradict the statement to which we referred last week, and in which the late Mr. CUMBERLAND was represented to have been the real author of this play. *Brutus* is the undoubted production of Mr. JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, with the reservations here subjoined, and which have been frankly expressed by that gentleman himself:—"There are several plays upon the subject of Brutus, none of them suited to the stage, but some two or three possessing meritorious points, of which the author has availed himself, in a manner, which will be fully acknowledged when the tragedy is published. The construction of the subject differs thoroughly from any former treatment of the story."

Brutus is, under many aspects, both a highly attractive performance, and a production exceedingly creditable to the poet; yet we cannot retract our opinion, that it is mingled with faults, both in the language and conception. Some curtailments and alterations have been made, since the first night; yet there are still a few passages, as well as some scenes, which he could wish expunged, and of which we shall probably speak in detail hereafter.

"The new Tragedy of Brutus," says a printed account of the fable, "is built upon the most impressive features in the history of the first of that name, who flourished in the time of Tarquin the Proud, the earlier age of Roman History, between fourteen and fifteen hundred years ago. The scene is sometimes at the Camp before Ardea, sometimes in Collatia, and sometimes in Rome. The play commences with the assumed idiotism of Lucius Junius, who, on the murder of his father and his elder brother by Tarquin, counterfeits the fool, and is received into the family of the king, to make mirth for the young princes. Tullia, the queen, who is raised into 'bad eminence' by history, as having driven her chariot over her dead father's body, is left by Tarquin the Proud, (then absent with his army before Ardea,) Regent of Rome. Alarmed by dreams and portents, Tullia sends for Lucius Junius from the camp, that a watchful eye may be kept over him, but when he arrives, she is disarmed of her terrors by the grotesque answers of Lucius Junius, and orders that he shall be called *Brutus*, from the resemblance which the want of reason gives him to a *Brute*. The first act closes with a scene between the Princess Tarquinia and Titus, the son of Brutus, in which, it appears, that Titus has gained great favour at the court, and has formed an attachment for Tarquinia, which is favourably returned. He vows that, under

any circumstances, and even should his father awaken to reason, and command him to resign her, he would remain unchanged. In the second act, the young Princes and Collatinus are discovered in the tent of Sextus. They converse, on their opinions, of the female character, and being thence led into the famous wager concerning their wives, they post away and find Lucretia surrounded by servants, employed in household duties at Collatia. Sextus is inflamed by her beauty. He determines to return privately at the first opportunity. He does so; and in a scene of tempest and lightning, where Brutus is discovered, Sextus enters muffled, having accomplished his infamy, he laughingly makes it known to Brutus, who then throws off the mask, bursts forth in his real character, and rushes to Collatia, where he arrives just after Lucretia's death, which he swears to avenge. The body is borne to the forum. Brutus addresses the people. They revolt. The palace is stormed, and its walls shattered. Brutus condemns Tullia to be taken to Rhea's temple, where the body of her murdered father is deposited. She is horror-struck at the idea, and swears, if dragged thither, to starve herself to death. She appears in the temple, mad. She fancies she hears groans from the portal of the tomb, which she forces open, and there discovering the monumental figure of Servius Tullius, recoils, fancying, in her frenzy, that it is the spectre, and dies. In the meantime, Tarquinia reminds Titus of his pledge. Titus is induced to join a party for the liberation of Tarquinia and attempts to escape with her to the camp, at Ardea. They are detected, intercepted, Titus is condemned by his father as a traitor, and the play terminates with the death of Titus."

On the Prologue we cannot bestow much praise; but the Epilogue has many strokes of wit, and is well spoken by Mrs. Glover. The following description of a "He and She Dandy" is happy and well-timed, and is marked with several pleasant allusions:—

"Aye, this is England—well its signs I know,
Beauty above, around me, and below:
Such cheeks of rose, such bright hewitching eyes!
Well may the kneeling world give you the prize!
Where, where on earth, does woman wear a smile,
Like your's, ye glory of "THE GLORIOUS ISLE!"
But bless me—what, two Nondescripts together,
The *she*—a pile of ribband, straw, and feather;
Her back a pillion, all above and on it
A church-bell? cradle? tower?—No, faith! a bonnet!
Aye, and an actual woman in it, able—
Rouse but her tongue, to make that tower a Babel!"

Now for the *he*, the fellow nondescript,
Whence has that mockery of man been shipt?

Have Ross or BUCHAN brought him, to console
The Quidnuncs for the Passage to the Pole;
While, on her iceberg, howls some Greenland squaw,
Robbed of her pretty monster till next thaw?
No! Paris has the honour—"Ah que oui!"—"Voilà"—the air, grace, shrug,—smell of Paris!
France gave his step its trip, his tongue its phrase,
His head its peruke, and his waist its stays!
The thing is contraband; let's crush the trade;
Ladies, insist on't—all is best home-made.
All British, from your shoe-tye or your fan,
Down to that tantalizing wretch—call'd man!
Now for the compound creature—first, the wig,
With every frizzle struggling to look big;
On the rouged cheek the fresh-dyed whisker spread,
The thousandth way of dressing a calf's head!
The neckcloth next, where starch and whale-bone vie
To make the slave a walking pillory!
The bolster'd bosom, ah! ye envying fair,
How little dream you of the stuff that's there!
What straps, ropes, steel, the aching ribs compress,
To make the Dandy "beautifully less."
Thus fools, their final stake of folly cast,
By instinct, to strait waistcoats come at last;
Misjudging Shakespeare! this escaped thine eye,
For, tho' the brains are out, the thing won't die!"

We observe that the couplet, beginning, "Where, where on earth," is omitted in the delivery, perhaps from a prudent recollection, on the part of the author, that he may one day have to face again his fair countrywomen of the United States, toward whom the lines in question must be considered not more ungallant than unjust. May we venture to add, in behalf of that portion of female beauty which belongs to the parent soil, one hint to Mrs. Glover? It is, that though she uses her eye-glass with great propriety in verifying the features of her Nondescripts, it ought to be more than needless when she speaks of beholding

"Beauty above, around me, and below"

The blaze and volume of that beauty should require no optical aid for its discovery; and we can find no excuse for the inadvertence of the actress, unless it be in the scanty filling of some of the boxes, which we were sorry to observe, or in the great predominance of the number of male spectators over that of female, which has also struck us, on several occasions, and always, of course, to our regret!

COVENT GARDEN.—The *Jealous Wife* was performed here on Thursday se'n-night. As this is the first time we have had occasion to notice this comedy, it may be as well, as the French say, *pour la bonne regle*, to remark that the principal characters are drawn from Fielding's admirable novel of "Tom Jones." The *Jealous Wife* is, on the whole, a very spirited production, and possesses many scenes of excellent equivoque. Miss

O'Neill's representation of Mrs. Oakley is, in our opinion, a perfect effort, and displays as much real talent as any of her numerous performances. Her first conversation with Oakley is so managed as to produce considerable laughter; her refusal to listen to any thing from her husband that at all thwarts her own ideas; her quick and repeated interruptions of his remonstrances, and the deafening volubility with which she drowns his more energetic appeals, are embodied in the acting of Miss O'Neill, with excellent effect. She is not less impressive in a subsequent interview with the lord of her bosom, where, to extort from him some confession of his infidelity, she clothes her inquiries with a superabundance of winning smiles, a softness of demeanour that only finds its explanation in her side glances of disgust and indignation. Her occasional forgetfulness, at any startling proposition from Oakley, the resumption of her former wheedling, and the final ebullition of unbridled anger, which concludes this scene, demand the highest praise. In fine, Miss O'Neill's Mrs. Oakley, as we have said above, is as good a piece of acting as we ever desire to see. We have repeatedly admired her in it, but never recollect having seen her to more advantage than on this identical occasion; her flow of spirits was quite exhilarating.

Second, and very nearly equal in excellence to the above, is the Oakley of Mr. Young, and nothing gives us more pleasure than to have to bear witness to the talents of this admirable actor. The scene with Harriet, in which she seeks the protection of his house, was perhaps as fine as any thing in the comedy. His fidgetty and hasty manner of listening to and answering the requests of the fair fugitive, were only inferior to the resumption of his authority when interrupted by Mrs. Oakley. His last scene in the play was equally good; and, in both, the applauses of the audience kept pace with the abilities of the performer. We were sorry to miss Terry in the Major, and trust his absence from this theatre is only temporary, or that if it be permanent he may give the proprietors of this house the most serious occasion to lament their imbecillity in parting with him for their new idol, Mr. Farren, a gentleman, of whom we predict that his popularity will not last for ever. As for Egerton, who succeeded Mr. Terry in this play, it is sufficient to remark, that he was coarse and vulgar to a degree that could only charm his respectable counterparts in the galleries. Mr. Charles Kemble is a very clever Charles Oakley; his drunken scene is very amusing, but protracted to too great a length. Jones, in Lord Trinket, is the very essence of fashion, in its most foppish attributes. Mrs. Gibbs made,--we cannot say a respectable, for the term would be inappropriate,—but a laughable Lady Freelove. Blanchard pleased us much more in Russell, than Mr. Fawcett did in Sir Harry Beagle. Miss Foote looked unusually lovely in Harriet.

One of the most stupid afterpieces we almost ever witnessed, succeeded the play, entitled "Rose d'Amour; or, the Little Red Riding Hat." We will not attempt a description of a plot which would equally insult our readers' patience, and disgrace the time which might be employed in its elucidation. The piece to all intents and purposes was damned, and the fate it experienced was most justly its due. All we shall say of it is, that it was in itself childish and dull,—that the music was so excessively simple as to deprive it of all expression,—that the scenery was old and unimposing,—and that the performers were, generally, as insipid as the characters themselves. A Miss Beaumont appeared, for the first time on this stage, but though a pretty girl, and a tolerable singer, will, we think, soon sink into neglect.

The audience was far from crowded.
W. B.

Original Poetry.

THEATRICAL CRITIQUES.

CRITIQUE II.—MR. KEAN.

There was a laughing devil in his sneer,
That rais'd emotions both of rage and fear;
And, where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope with'ring fled—and Mercy sigh'd farewell.
Lord Byron.

'Tis with a mournful feeling we survey
The sun of genius sink from sight away;
Still, with a retrospective glance, we gaze
Upon the spot that caught its parting rays:
And tho' another sun may brightly rise,
The film of prejudice is on our eyes,
And we behold no splendour in the last,
Because we think too deeply of the past.
It is but just, that we should not forget
The former grandeur of the sun that's set;
But still the new one, bursting on our view,
If it deserves it—should be worshipp'd too.

Macklin once charm'd the town in Shakspeare's Jew,
And all declar'd he was what Shakspeare drew;
And Kemble follow'd him with steady pace,
Drew on his robe—and nobly fill'd his place:
Then Cooke came forth, to grace the mimic scene,
And gain'd new laurels in his *gabardine*;
He fled—but nature rear'd a chosen son,
And gave the merits of the three—to one.
The Drama's days seem'd almost on the wane,
When Kean burst forth, and made them bright again.

They who have seen him, when, with vengeance ripe,
He views Antonio, as he whets his knife;
Must ever feel, when thinking of that part,
The life-blood stagnate chilly round the heart:

There was a murd'rous smile upon his cheek,

And, from his eye, some devil seem'd to speak;
In triumph there, demoniac like, he stood,
As tho' his soul could drink his victim's blood.

In fond Othello, when the jealous dart
Fixes revenge within his broken heart;
When first he finds his happiness has flown,
His love abus'd, his "occupation gone;"
There is a dreary sadness in his tone,
Which speaks his heart, and murmurs in our own,
Like the farewell of lovers, when they sever,
Which thrills the heart, and lingers there for ever.

But still, ev'n Kean is not all perfect yet;
There's much to learn, and something to forget:

He should reserve his voice!—not let it burst,

Upon the fix'd attentive ear, at first;
For all the pleasure that we feel is cross'd,
When the concluding sentences are lost.

If I could name one part, which my full breast

Treasur'd and felt more deeply than the rest,

It would be Timon, where the friendless crew

"Had left him bare, for every storm that blew."

His look can every inward pang impart;
Each word he breathes seems wrung from Sorrow's heart;

Like mournful sounds of music, in the wind,
Which die away—but leave a charm behind.

TO THE PLANET VENUS.

VENUS! thou art our Evening Star: how bright

Thou shinest thro' the darkness of the night!

As constellations, under God's control,

In beatific adorations roll;

Silence, with gravitating grandeur, reigns,

And the sweet union Harmony maintains:

O heavenly star! while follies of the night

Attract the giddy from the path that's right;

Draw, with thy lovely disk, my spirit high,

And, with thy beams, her beamless thought

supply—

Hope feeds her courage,—Faith inspires her flight,

Her powers behold Heaven's throne of glorious light;

There would she praise the beauties seen abroad,

And ask another blessing of her God,—

For Self, Home, Kindred, Friends, where'er we rove,

And all the dear solicitudes of Love.

Nov. 27th, 1818. RICHARD.

A REBUS.

To the Editor of the Literary Journal.

WHAT aids you to cross o'er the water;

What soars to the heights of the air;

What, perhaps, is the name of your daughter;

What's brush'd by the tail of the Bear;

What startles the stillness of night,

With sounds deem'd prophetic of woe.

These initials together unite,

And then you will certainly know

"But myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary;

The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,

At duty, more than I could frame employment,

(That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

Do on the oak,) have, with one winter's brush,

Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare,

For every storm that blows.

Timon of Athens, Act 4, Scene 3rd.

Mr. Kean, in his delivery of the above lines, breathes the very soul of melancholy and tenderness.

The name of a very dull *Chymist*,
For I must not call him a *Poet*;
Nay he scarce can be class'd as a *Rhymer*.—
Has he wit, 'tis his silence must show it!
X.

TO POETIC FANCY.
AN ODE.

O THOU! like humid ether seen,
Bright emblem of the changing scene,
When light-rob'd Iris paints the sky,
And clouds with glitt'ring sun-beams vie;
Still o'er my pillow smile serene,
Sweet soother of my lonely hours!
In prospect yield me, by thy powers,
What present fates deny.

Dear nymph, I bend to thy controul,
Still hold the empire o'er my soul,
Pleas'd I attend a willing slave;
Or rov'st thou o'er th' enamell'd green,
Thro' fairy vales by moonlight sheen;
Or paint'st, with colours all thine own,
Joys to vulgar souls unknown,
What Shakespear felt, what Milton saw.
Seated on thy airy throne,
Or plung'd in horrors gloomiest cave,
Or hanging o'er th' o'erwhelming wave,
You mark the depth of misery's dying groan.

Of't to my silent couch repair,
Blest votress, at whose sov'reign nod
A mortal rises to a god;
Thy smile can charm away despair,
Change dungeon damps to ether free,
On arid wastes build castles fair,
And give the prisoner liberty:
Let worldlings call them empty air,
And scorn the poet's raptur'd theme;
Dull sons of earth still grasp your store,
Add heap to heap, and still be poor:
Your boasted wealth affords no joy
Superior to his waking dream;
No aching void his breast retains,
Still real, while the charm remains,
He tastes of bliss without alloy.

The grove, the grot, the flow'ry vale,
The mossy bank, the breezy hill,
The rugged steep, the echoing dale,
The g'lding stream, the gurgling rill,
The laughing morn, the evening still,
Yield joys to wealthy fools unknown.
The dream that charms the half-shut eye,
Reposing in the verdant shade,
The rustling leaf, the zephyr's sigh,
The plough-boy whistling through the glade,
Are pleasures all his own!

Moil on, ye wretched slaves of gold!
Ye build, ye plant, but he enjoys;
Ye grasp a little sordid mould;
The universe he occupies!
Still hug your chains and heap up care,
O dire disease, that knows no cure!
Your palaces, your woods, your groves,
Have charms for him you ne'er can taste.
His are the joys of Nature pure;
While free as air his spirit roves,
Culling the simple flowret fair;
He finds more sweets adorn the waste,
Than you in all your gay parterre.

How oft in some sequester'd glade,
Lur'd by thy song, I've rear'd my cot,
E'er care oppressed, or hope betray'd,
And marred my happier lot;
And I have thought the syren strain,
Sweet as the pipe of shepherd swain,
When soft at eve, o'er hill and dale,
It melts upon the distant gale:
And I have dwelt upon the theme,
Till sleep renewed the waking dream,

And thou hast raised a magic cell
Where all the simple pleasures dwell,
And shown, in Nature's modest guise,
How ornament from use should rise;
And how her charms are best reveal'd,
Attir'd by art, but not conceal'd;
How best to shade the hill and bower,
Adorn the slope with shrub and flower,
What course the winding path should stray,
Through tufted groves, its devious way;
How curling vines and woodbines meet,
How pebb'd brooks might flow more sweet:
To smooth the lawn's perennial green,
Till peace smil'd o'er the happy scene,
Th' ungrateful world the while forgot;
And Love took up his dwelling there,
To crown the poet's humble prayer.
Fond dreams of bliss, why do ye fade?
Return and cheer me with your smile;
Come, Fancy! come, enchanting maid,
My rooted griefs beguile;
Thy soothing visions still bestow
Upon my ravish'd eye,
O steal my soul from real woe,
To ideal joy!

[Errata, in the Ode by the same, Literary Journal, No. 3, page 400, line 37, for "Oh;" read "O;" line 66, for "thus," read "then."]
—ED.

ENIGMA.

On a beautiful day I am mostly seen,
Both at London and Londonderry;
My father's hot-headed—my mother is green,
And I am as brown as a berry.

I eat not at all, so my wants are few,
And a drunkard I never am found—
I seldom drink aught, save a mug of cool dew;
And my bed is the cold grass ground.

I am armless and legless, and quite deaf and dumb,
And have no eyes to see;
And yet, O! what thousands do love to come
And keep me company!

Now—if my old mum keeps good manners within,
On her what perdition is hurl'd!—
She stands a good chance to be stript to the skin,
And travell'd all over the world!

I was born big as mother, and yet at my birth
No pangs were known to be;
My father sees every thing on the earth,
And yet he never sees me!

I'm born with my mother—I die with my mother,
Of her I am never beguil'd:
Search the world, on my life! you will not find another,
I was such a whimsical child!

BEPPPO.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A COMPLAINT is made to us, that the statement, purporting to come from high authority in Rome, concerning the conduct of Friar HAYES, during the performance of his Mission from the Catholic Board to the Pope, (printed in our Thirty-first Number,) is entirely false, and seriously detrimental to the prospects entertained of paying, by means of a Subscription, the expenses of the Friar's journey to and residence in

Rome. We answer, that we are and always have been perfectly ready to give a place to any counter-statement forwarded to us by the Friar, or by his friends.

A SECOND HALF-CAST is received.

The article on the HALF-CASTS OF INDIA, to the contents of which we are certain that a very numerous portion of our readers are anxiously alive, shall be continued at the earliest opportunity.

We are not sure that we could conveniently print the "Welsh Airs," but we have no objection to make the experiment.

We shall be pleased to see the "Italian Tours."

We thank T. F. His very pleasing lines shall appear next week.

W. shall appear as soon as possible. Our omission to acknowledge the receipt of communications must be excused. We have always cried out against the labour which this task imposes on us; and the great increase of our Correspondence, which we are weekly experiencing, renders the attempt totally impracticable.

It gives us great pleasure to find that the sentiments which we expressed last week concerning the political life of the late Sir Samuel Romilly meet with the approbation of several Correspondents.

A new edition of our Ninth Number is now ready for delivery; and, on the 1st of January next, our First Volume, complete, with a Title-page and Index, half-bound, will be on sale at our Publisher's.

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